
THE
P A P E R S
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.
IN THE
TATLER, SPECTATOR, &c.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

IT is well known, that the PAPERS of Mr. ADDISON form the most valuable part of the periodical works mentioned in the title-page; and it has long been wished, that a selection of them might be made. This plan is now for the first time executed, with the Life of Addison, and Original Notes, by a much esteemed Author of the present age.

THE
P A P E R S
OF

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

IN THE
TATLER, || GUARDIAN, AND
SPECTATOR, || FREEHOLDER.

TOGETHER WITH HIS
TREATISE ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED
TICKELL'S LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
AND EXTRACTS FROM
DR. JOHNSON'S REMARKS ON HIS PROSE WRITINGS.

WITH
ORIGINAL NOTES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

V O L II.

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P. A. D. E. S.

JOSEPH H. ADDISON

TABLES
OF
THE
STATISTICS
OF
THE
UNITED STATES

FOR THE YEAR 1850



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ADDISON'S
P A P E R S

IN THE

S P E C T A T O R .

Wednesday, May 9, 1711*.

Hoc est quod palles ? Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est ?

Perf. Sat. iii. 85.

Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,
And sacrifice your dinner to your books ?

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the *Beaux Esprits* of that dark age ; who says in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words :

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Tot

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Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, caelo.

Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in heaven.

THE poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words: which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, The anagram of a man.

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains, till he shall have spent many hours in search of it; for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing, converted it into Moll; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her surname, for that it was not Boon, but Bohun.

Effusus

— *Ibi omnis* —
— *Effusus labor* —

The lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, in-
somuch that in a little time after he lost his senses,
which indeed had been very much impaired by that
continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostick was probably invented about the same
time with the anagram, though it is impossible to de-
cide whether the inventor of the one or the other were
the greater blockhead. The simple acrostick is no-
thing but the name or title of a person, or thing,
made out of the initial letters of several verses, and
by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese,
in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are
compound acrosticks, when the principal letters stand
two or three deep. I have seen some of them where
the verses have not only been edged by a name at
each extremity, but have had the same name run-
ning down like a seam through the middle of the poem.
There is another near relation of the anagrams and
acrosticks, which is commonly called a Chronogram.
This kind of wit appears very often on many modern
medals, especially those of Germany, when they re-
present in the inscription the year in which they were
coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adol-
phus the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO
TRIVMPHVVS: If you take the pains to pick the
figures out of the several words, and range them in
their proper order, you will find they amount to
MDCXVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal
was stamped; for as some of the letters distinguish
themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows,
they are to be considered in a double capacity, both
as letters and as figures. Your laborious German
wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these
ingenious devices. A man would think they were
searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that,
they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a
D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these
inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for
the thought as for the year of the Lord.

The Bouts-Rimez were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Gallant*; where the author every month gives a list of rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercure* for the succeeding month. That for the month of November last, which now lies before me, is as follows.

- - - - -	<i>Lauriers</i>
- - - - -	<i>Guerriers</i>
- - - - -	<i>Musette</i>
- - - - -	<i>Lisette</i>
F - - - - -	<i>Cesars</i>
- - - - -	<i>Etendars</i>
- - - - -	<i>Houlette</i>
- - - - -	<i>Folette</i>

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage:

“ Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he
 “ never knew what he was going to write when
 “ he took his pen into his hand; but that one sen-
 “ tence always produced another. For my own part,
 “ I never knew what I should write next when I was
 “ making verses. In the first place, I got all my rhymes
 “ together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four
 “ months in filling them up. I one day she ed
 “ Monsieur

“ Monsieur Gombaud a composition of this nature, in
 “ which, among others, I had made use of the four
 “ following rhymes. *Amaryllis, Phyllis, Marne, Arne*,
 “ desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told
 “ me immediately, that my verses were good for no-
 “ thing. And upon my asking his reason, he said
 “ because the rhymes are too common; and for that
 “ reason easy to be put into verse. Marry, says I,
 “ if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains
 “ I have been at. But by Monsieur Gombaud’s leave,
 “ notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the
 “ verses were good.” *Vid. Menagiana*. Thus far the
 learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these *Bouts Rimez* made them
 in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which
 the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But
 when a grave author, like him above-mentioned, tasked
 himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous?
 Or would not one be apt to believe that the author
 played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till
 he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false wit has been
 finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a poem intitled,
La deſaite des Bouts Rimez, The Rout of the *Bouts*
Rimez.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double
 rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry, and gene-
 rally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought
 of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme
 adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the pow-
 er of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that
 great numbers of those who admire the incomparable
Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggerel
 rhymes, than of the parts that really deserve admira-
 tion. I am sure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;
 and
 There was an ancient sage philosopher
 Who had read Alexander Ross over,

more

SPECTATOR.

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.

Thursday, May 10, 1711*.

*Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.*

Perf. Sat. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of Punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, musick, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and in his book, where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished, was in the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-

* NO. 61.

counsellors

counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakespeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetorick have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest Paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon enquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the Paranomasia, that he sometimes gave in to the Plocè, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the Antanaclassis.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that
the

the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors, to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least, a man may be very excuseable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen Acrosticks handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other. When one sees
there

there are actually such pains-takers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion, than the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen Tory Acrostics and Whig Anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are Whigs or Tories, but because they are Anagrams and Acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language. If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun, as the country man described his nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound. On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristenetus makes of a fine woman; when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful; or as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, *Induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est*.

Friday, May, 11, 1711*.

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium, et fons.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 309.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.

ROSCOMMON.

MR Locke has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he

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endeavours to shew the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: "And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, That men who have a great deal of wit, and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason. For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being mis-led by similitude. and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion: wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasure of wit, which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people."

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit. which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, That every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. These two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas, that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when

when he adds, with a sigh, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called wit. Mr Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion. There are many other pieces of wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics: sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggerel rhymes; sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words, which for distinction sake I shall call *mixt wit*. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has every where rejected it with scorn. If

we look after mixt wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it no where but in the epigrammatists. There are, indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixt wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce any thing else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixt wit, I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify love. The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage from the double meaning of the word Fire, to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as burning glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon, by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat, that distilled those drops from the limbeck. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of Vulcan's shop, incloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is
throwing

throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love, like that of the sun, (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm, but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions, that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixt wit therefore is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect, as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words. Its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth; reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit is epigram, or those little occasional poems, that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixt wit, without owning that the admirable poet, out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. It is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his elements. I shall only appeal to my reader if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr Dryden

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was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics has taken pains, to shew, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which no body deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestick simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words: ' Ovid
' (says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and
' Æneas) takes it up after him, even in the same age,
' and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created
' Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death
' to the ungrateful fugitive, and very unluckily for
' himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so
' much superior in force to him on the same subject.
' I think I may be judge of this, because I have trans-
' lated both. The famous author of the Art of love
' has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a
' greater master in his own profession, and, which is
' worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature
' fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has
' recourse

‘recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his
‘soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil
‘in their esteem.’

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr Dryden, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monsieur Segrain for a threefold distinction of the readers of poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: ‘Segrain has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes.’ [He might have said the same of writers too if he had pleased.] ‘In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*, such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse; who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression. These are mob-readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they made the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch Boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank’s stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them.’

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr Locke in the passage above-mentioned has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds. For not only the resemblance, but the opposition of ideas, does

very

very often produce wit ; as I could shew in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future Speculation.

Saturday, May, 12, 1711*.

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne ;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici ?
Credite, Pisces, isti tabula fore librum
Per similem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vana
Finguntur species*——— Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 1.

If in a picture, Piso, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts, of the most different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds ;
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the painter mad ?
Trust me that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style, like sick men's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes. Roscom.

IT is very hard for the mind to disengage itself from a subject in which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement ; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's dream or vision, which formed into one continued allegory the several schemes of wit, whether false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late Papers.

Methought I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the goddesses of Falsehood, and intitled *The Region of false wit*. There was nothing in the fields, the woods,

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and

and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, and were filled with stags, wild-boars, and mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the same time that dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, amber-grease, and pulvillos; and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me; when, to my great surprise, I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gothick manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dulness. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a Monk, with a book in one hand, and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Industry, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left Caprice, with a Monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an Altar of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the altar lay several offerings of Axes, Wings, and Eggs, cut out in paper, and inscribed with verses. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of Anagrams, who were continually in motion, turning to the right

or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and counter-marches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

Not far from these was a body of Acrostics, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at least six feet high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the Acrostics two or three files of Chronograms, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hour-glass in one hand, and a scythe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methought I saw the phantom of Tryphiodorus, the Lipogrammatist, engaged in a ball with four and twenty persons, who pursued him by turns thro' all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country-dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the Temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of Rebusses. There were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby-horse bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surprised, told me, there was an infinite deal of wit in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased. I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in a very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of Crambo.

I heard

I heard several double rhymes, as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of Puns. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magick, which had almost turned my brain, I left the temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far, before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it, a person of a most beautiful aspect; her name was Truth. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulder, and grasped several arrows in his hand. His name was Wit. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of False Wit with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of those regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the Regions of Falsehood, to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guards as neutrals, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the species of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered toge-

ther in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately fell asunder, and divided itself into two parts; the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of Truth, and the others behind those of Falschood.

The goddess of Falschood was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of her army; but as the dazzling light which flowed from Truth began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like an huge phantom, than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of Truth approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the sun the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the goddess; and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathized with their leader, and shrunk into nothing, in proportion as the goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of Wit and Truth; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was
behind

behind them a strong and compact body of figures. The genius of Heroic Poetry appeared with a sword in her hand, and a laurel on her head. Tragedy was crowned with cypress, and covered with robes dipped in blood. Satire had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. Rhetoric was known by her thunderbolts, and Comedy by her mask. After several other figures, Epigram marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of Wit; there was something so amiable, and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it: but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked.

Friday, May 18, 1711*.

Nos duo turba sumus

Ovid, Met. i. 355.

We two are a multitude.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together on any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it

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descends

descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and indeed there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean the little apocryphal treatise, intitled *The wisdom of the Son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour! And laid down that precept, which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, 'That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends.' "Sweet language will multiply friends: and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand." With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends! And with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend! "If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend

" a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife,
 " will discover thy reproach." Again, " Some friend
 " is a companion at the table, and will not continue
 " in the day of thy affliction; but in thy prosperity
 " he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy ser-
 " vants. If thou be brought low he will be against
 " thee, and hide himself from thy face." What can
 be more strong and pointed than the following verse?
 " Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed
 of thy friends." In the next words he particularises
 one of those fruits of friendship which is described at
 length by the two famous authors above mentioned, and
 falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is
 very just, as well as very sublime, " A faithful friend
 " is a strong defence, and he that hath found such
 " an one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth coun-
 " tervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is unvalu-
 " able. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they
 " that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the
 " Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is,
 " so shall his neighbour (that is his friend) be also."
 I do not remember to have met with any saying that
 has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the
 medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship
 in healing the pains and anguish which naturally
 cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonder-
 fully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a
 virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who
 is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in
 the same author, which would have been very much
 admired in an heathen writer: " Forfake not an old
 " friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new
 " friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt
 " drink it with pleasure." With what strength of al-
 lusion, and force of thought, has he described the
 breaches and violations of friendship? " Whoso cast-
 " eth a stone at the birds frayeth them away; and he
 " that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship.
 " Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet des-
 " pair not, for there may be a returning to favour,
 " If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend
 " fear

“fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except
 “for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or
 “a treacherous wound; for, for these things every
 “friend will depart.” We may observe in this, and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject; “Who so discovereth secrets, loseth his
 “credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.
 “Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if
 “thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after
 “him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so
 “hast thou lost the love of thy friend; as one that
 “letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let
 “thy friend go, and shalt not get him again; follow
 “after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a
 “roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it
 “may be bound up, and after reviling there may be
 “reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth secrets, is
 “without hope.”

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: To these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and as Cicero calls it, *morum comitas*, a pleasantness of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill-humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species, in the following epigram;

Difficili

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem.
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te. Epig. xii. 47.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee.
 There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour is sometimes amiable, and sometimes odious: and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

Saturday, May 19, 1711*.

*Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
 Arborei sætus alibi, atque injusta virescunt
 Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
 India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæ?
 At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroscæque Pontus.
 Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
 Continuo has leges, æternaque fœdera certis
 Imposuit natura locis——* Virg. Georg. i. 54.

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
 That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
 A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
 Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
 India black ebon and white iv'ry bears;
 And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears:
 Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;
 And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
 Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
 (In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.

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This

This is th' original contract; these the laws
Impos'd by nature, and by nature's cause. DRYDEN.

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners, consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High-Change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan, and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a groupe of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times: or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, That he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic,

Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainment. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Bardadoes, and the infusion of a China plant is sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippic islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the

assistance of art, can make no farther advances toward a plumb than a floe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab : that our melons, our peaches, our figs, apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens ; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens ; the spice-islands our hot-beds ; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth ; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges its wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surpris'd to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

Monday, May 21, 1711^{*}.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

Hor. l. Ep. ii. 63.

Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I pass'd; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Moliere, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, us'd to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his housekeeper, as she sat with him at her

work by the chimney-corner ; and could foretell the success of his play in the theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side : for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley ; so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance ; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature, which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of Chevy-Chace is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of poetry, speaks of it in the following words : “ I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet ; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile ; which being so evil appraelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar ? ” For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a *critique* upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule, That an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes.

Homer

Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the Barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers.

God save the King, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
Twixt noblemen may cease.

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets, hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country: thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome, Homer's a prince of Greece; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece, and the Wars of Thebes, for the subjects of their Epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out an hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first
who

who take the field, and the last who quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty-three; the Scotch retire with fifty-five: all the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind, is the different manner in which the Scotch and English kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it.

This news was brought to Edinburgh
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news, King James did say;
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain at Chevy-Chace.

Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot, nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account
Did many thousands die, &c.

At

At the same time that our poet shews a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an hero. One of us two, says he, must die: I am an Earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however, says he, it is pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I.

But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside;
Accurst be he, Lord Piercy said,
By whom it is deny'd.

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle, and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch Earl falls; and, with his dying words, encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow,
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Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,
Fight on, my merry-men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees my fall.

Merry-men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's *Æneids* is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only, like the hero of whom we are now speaking, how the battle should be continued after her death.

Tum sic expirans, &c.

Æn. xi. 820.

A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies,
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell.——

DRYDEN.

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner; though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse,

Lord Piercy sees my fall.

——*Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas.
Ausonii videre*——

Æn. xii. 936.

The Latian Chiefs have seen me beg my life.

DRYDEN.
Earl

Earl Piercy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the stile, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand*, will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

*At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora
Ora modis Anchisades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dexteramque tetendit.*

Æn. xii. 822.

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, then grasp'd his hand and said, &c.

DRYDEN.

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old song.

Wednesday, May 23, 1711*.

— *Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.*

Virg. Georg. iv. 208.

Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains,
And grandfires grandsons the long list contains.

DRYDEN.

HAVING already given my reader an account of several extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a club, which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my reader, than it was to myself; for which reason, I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the *Everlasting Club*. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to enquire into the nature of a club that had such a sounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account:

THE *Everlasting Club* consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the *Everlasting Club* never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this club, That the steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in a readiness to fill it: infomuch, that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This

This club was instituted towards the end, or as some of them say, about the middle, of the civil wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the *great fire, which burned them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward, at that time, maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring-house, which was demolished in order to stop the fire; and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, who was burned in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said, that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but, after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to fit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club, *nemine contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the *Everlasting Club*, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best lights I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that, since their first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hog-heads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer. There has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in Ben Jonson's Club, which orders the fire to be always kept in, *focus perennis esto*, as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire, which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

The

* Anno 1666.

The *Everlasting Club* treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse, as much as I have been able to learn of it, turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the club; of others who have smoked an hundred pipes at a sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together. Sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King Charles's reign; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

The senior member has out-lived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

Thursday, May 24, 1711.*

O dea certe!

Virg. *Æn.* i. 332.

O goddess! for no less you seem.

IT is very strange to consider, that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by a love of fame; that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery, should

* NO. 73.

should contend for praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by Cicero, that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition: and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration: and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than
what

what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of chastity, fidelity, devotion? How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name.

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom for certain reasons, which the reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of *Idols*. An Idol is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your Idols appear in all public places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The playhouse is very frequently filled with Idols: several of them are carried in procession every evening about the ring, and several of them set up their worship even in churches. They are to be accosted in the language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power: joys of heaven, and pains of hell, are at their disposal: paradise is in their arms, and eternity in every moment that you are present with them. Raptures, transports, and ecstasies, are the rewards which they confer: sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head, that Ovid's book of the Art of Love is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an Idol.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of Idols, as Milton's was to number those

those that were known in Canaan, and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like Moloch, in fires and flames. Some of them, like Baal, love to see their votaries cut and flayed, and shedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the Idol in the Apocrypha, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed worshippers like the Chinese Idols, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those idolaters who devote themselves to the Idols I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of idolaters. For as others fall out because they worship different Idols, these idolaters quarrel because they worship the same.

The intention therefore of the Idol is quite contrary to the wishes of the idolaters; as the one desires to confine the idol to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an Idol is prettily described in a tale of Chaucer. He represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favours and paying their adorations. She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of these three, says the old bard, do you think was the favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.

The behaviour of this old Idol in Chaucer puts me in mind of the beautiful Clarinda, one of the greatest Idols among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle-light, in the midst of a large congregation, generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her presence. She asks a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff

from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to renew his devotions on the same canonical hour that day sevensnight.

An Idol may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter Apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddesses, she quickly sinks into a woman.

Old age is likewise a great decayer of your Idol. The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated Idol, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore, that in these and many other cases the Woman generally outlives the Idol, I must return to the moral of this Paper, and desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; in order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion; but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

Friday, May 25, 1711*.

— *Pendent opera interrupta* —

Virg. *Æn.* iv. 88.

The works unfinish'd and neglected lie.

IN my last Monday's Paper I gave some general instances of those beautiful strokes which please the reader in the old song of Chevy Chase; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and shew

* No. 74.

that

that the sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets: for which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the *Æneid*: not that I would infer from thence, that the poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced, or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sidney, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude stile and evil apparel of this antiquated song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous; at least, the apparel is much more gorgeous than many of the poets made use of in Queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza,

To drive the deer with hound and horn

Earl Piercy took his way!

The child may rue that is unborn

The hunting of that day!

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel

of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

*Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juvenus.*

Hor. 1 Od. ii. 23.

Posterity, thinn'd by their fathers' crimes,
Shall read, with grief, the story of their times.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas ?

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

—*Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum :
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.*

Georg. iii. 43.

Cithæron loudly calls me to my way ;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue the prey :
High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses breed :
From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound ;
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

DRYDEN.
Lo,

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our fight.

All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed, &c.

The country of the Scotch warriors, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantick situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil.

*Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris; & spicula vibrant:—
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabina
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, & roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt: qui rosea rura Velini
Qui Tetrica borrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque & flumen Himella:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.*

Æn. xi. 605. vii. 682, 712.

Advancing in a line, they couch their spears—
—Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plow Saturnia's gabine land:
Besides the succours which cold Anien yields;
The rocks of Hernicus—besides a band,
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land—
And Mountaineers that from Severus came:
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica;
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play:
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli. DRYDEN.

But to proceed:

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a Baron bold,

Rode

Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

*Turnus ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen, &c.
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus*—————

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Æneas was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a parley.

*Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum qua pulsa manu*————— *Æn. xii. 318.*

Thus while he spake, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince ;
But whether from an human hand it came,
Or hostile God, is left unknown by fame.

DRYDEN.

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil. So

So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain;
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree,
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Unto the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
 So right his shaft he set,
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon
 In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun:
 For when they rung the ev'ning bell
 The battle scarce was done.

One may observe likewise, that, in the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the great ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
 Sir Hugh Montgomery,
 Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
 One foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
 His sister's son was he;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description: for this reason I do not mention this part of the poem but to shew the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil.

Cadit

—*Cadit & Ripheus justissimus unus*
Qui fuit in Teucris & servantissimus equi,
Diis aliter visum est— Æn. ii. 416.

Then Ripheus fell in the unequal fight,
 Just of his word, observant of the right :
 Heav'n thought not so. DRYDEN.

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in Hudibras) will not be able to take the beauty of it; for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,
 Witherington was his name,
 Who said, I would not have it told
 To Henry our king for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
 And I stood looking on.

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil.

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Obsecrare animam ? numerone an viribus equi
Non sumus— ? Æn. xii. 229.

For shame, Rutilians, can you bear the sight
 Of one expos'd for all in single fight?
 Can we before the face of heav'n confess
 Our courage colder, or our numbers less?

DRYDEN.

What can be more natural, or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

Next

Next day did many widows come
 Their husbands to bewail:
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 They bore with them away;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 When they were clad in clay.

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothick manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgement would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil.

Saturday, June, 2, 1711*.

*Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
 Horruit in maculas—*

Stat. Theb. II, 128.

"As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,
 "Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin."

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine
 VOL. II, G * NO. 81. women,

women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the Opera. Upon inquiry, I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left, Tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other: insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of the country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that, whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the Whig interest. But whatever this natural patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and, like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the Whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled, by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, or, as Mr Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper,

—She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on every side.

When I was in the theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they out-number'd the enemy.

This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world: but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had not I recorded it.

I have, in former Papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers, and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed

ted all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedemonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; ‘And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation, not to be talked of one way or other.’

Tuesday, June 5, 1711*.

— *Animum pictura pascit inani.*

Virg. *Æn.* i. 468.

“And with the shadowy picture feeds his mind.”

WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My

* No. 83.

principal

principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, inasmuch that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all nature wears a lowring countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions; which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

On the side of the Living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing. On the side of the Dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the Living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was Vanity, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, bishops, and privy-counsellors. In a word, all his men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his women *Coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was extremely well-suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be

be mixed together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of Vanity stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name, that sounded something like Stupidity.

The third artist that I looked over was Fantastick, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at Chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his pictures so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of Industry. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seemed to shew themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sun-shine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out Fire.

The five foregoing artists were the most considerable on this side the gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however,

however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, tho' he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before over-charged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the Living, he never turned his eye towards that of the Dead. His name was Envy.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were Dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of Spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once: for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures stood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Rheni's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannibal Carrache, another by Corregio, and another by Rubens. To be short, there was not a great master among the Dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and clothes; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure. He also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came

came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be Time.

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end I cannot tell, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

Thursday, June 7, 1711*.

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
FABULA, nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 319.

—“when the sentiments and manners please,
“And all the characters are wrought with ease,
“Your ‘TALE,’ tho’ void of beauty, force, and art,
“More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart;
“Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
“And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.”

FRANCIS.

IT is the custom of the Mahometans, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their Alcoran. I must confess I have so much of the Mussulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitudes of things, knows to what use his works may some time or other be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate, and know a friend

of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a poem of an eminent author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr Baxter under a Christmas pie. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious viand, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by these accidental readings, and have sometimes found very curious pieces, that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the shops of our London bookfellers. For this reason, when my friends take a survey of my library, they are very much surprised, to find upon the shelf of folio's, two long band-boxes standing upright among my books; till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper-kite, from which I have received great improvement; and a hat-case, which I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great-Britain. This my inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humour, of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion gave me a most exquisite pleasure. My reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to speak of, was the old ballad of *The two children in the wood*, which is one of the darling songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age.

This

This song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The incidents grow out of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite pity; for which reason the whole narration has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in such an abject phrase and poorness of expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other are natural, and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not judges of language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the Robin-red-breast, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to shew the genius of the author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean that passage in Horace, where he describes himself when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulosa vulture in Apulo;
 Altricis extra limen Apulia,
 Ludo fatigatumque somno
 Fronde nova puerum palumbes
 Texere*—————

H 2

4 Od. iii.
 “ Me

“ Me when a child, as tir’d with play
 “ Upon the Apulian hills I lay
 “ In careless slumbers bound,
 “ The gentle doves protecting sound,
 “ And cover’d me with myrtle leaves.”

I have heard that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.

I might likewise refer my reader to Moliere’s thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the Misanthrope; but those only who are endowed with a true greatness of soul and genius, can divest themselves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only shew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art.

Friday, June 8, 1711*.

Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!

Ovid. Met. ii. 447.

“ How in the looks does conscious guilt appear!”

ADDISON.

THERE are several arts which all men are in some measure masters of, without having been at the pains

* No. 86.

pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a grammarian and a logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of grammar or logic, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner, every one is in some degree a master of that art which is generally distinguished by the name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man a scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself from Charing-Cross to the Royal-Exchange in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the author of a famous saying to a stranger who stood silent in his company, "Speak that I may see thee." But, with submission, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance. In this case, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expressive than the lines of it. The truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those

Those who have established physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. Martial has a pretty epigram on this subject;

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine laesus:
Rem magnam praestas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

Epig. liv. 12.

Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.

I have seen a very ingenious author on this subject; who founds his speculations on the supposition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an ox, a sheep, a lion, a hog, or any other creature; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember, in the life of the famous prince of Condé, the writer observes, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his mind some general notion of this Art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks, which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal spirits, in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habi-

habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time, I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lye to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting, and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain chearfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary instance of this nature. There chanced to be a great physiognomist in his time at Athens, who had made strange discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. Socrates' disciples, that they might put this artist to the trial, carried them to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow, that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falsehood and vanity of his art. But Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with, by the dictates of philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient author, that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the statues

statues and busts of both, that are still extant; as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud or ill-natured by his aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character? Dr Moore, in his admirable System of Ethics, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice against a man for his looks, among the smaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *Protopolepsia*.

Tuesday, June 12, 1711*.

—Petite hinc, juvenesque senesque,
 Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
 Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum,
 Nempe diem donas? sed cum lux altera venit,
 Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras,
 Egerit hos annos, & semper paulum erit ultra.
 Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno,
 Vertentem sese frustra, sectabere canthum.

Perf. Sat. v. 64.

- “ Perf. From thee both old and young, with profit, learn }
 “ The bounds of good and evil to discern. }
 “ Corn. Unhappy he, who does this work adjourn, }
 “ And to To-morrow wou'd the search delay: }
 “ His lazy morrow will be like To-day.
 “ Perf. But is one day of ease too much to borrow?
 “ Corn. Yes, sure; for Yesterday was once To-morrow,
 “ That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;

* No. 89.

“ And

- " And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd :
 " For thou hast more To-morrows yet to ask,
 " And wilt be ever to begin thy task ;
 " Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
 " Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first." DRYDEN.

AS my correspondents upon the subject of love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible, to range them under several heads, and address myself to them at different times. The first branch of them, to whose service I shall dedicate this Paper, are those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length, without being able either to close with their lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort of women. In one of them no less a man than a brother of the coif tells me, that he began his suit *Vicesimo nono Caroli secundi*, before he had been a twelvemonth at the Temple ; that he prosecuted it for many years after he was called to the bar ; that at present he is a serjeant at law ; and notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the fair one still demurs. I am so well pleased with this gentleman's phrase, that I shall distinguish this sect of women by the title of Demurrers. I find by another letter from one that calls himself Thyrlis, that his mistress has been demurring above these seven years. But among all my plaintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate Philander, a man of a constant passion and plentiful fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute Sylvia has demurred till she is past child-bearing. Strephon appears by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurs out of self-interest. He tells me with great passion that she has bubbled him out of his youth ; that she drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old age, if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this narrative with a letter from honest Sam Hopewell, a very pleasant fellow, who it seems has at

last married a Demurrer. I must only premise, that Sam, who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diversion of his friends, upon account of his passion, ever since the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-one.

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ **Y**OU know very well my passion for Mrs Martha, and what a dance she has led me. She took me out at the age of two and twenty, and dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her till she is grown as gray as a cat, and am with much ado become the master of her person, such as it is at present. She is, however, in my eye a very charming old woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has nobody to blame for it but herself. You know very well that she would never think of me whilst she had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of my passion (*Anno Amoris Trigesimo primo*) instead of a posy on my wedding ring. I expect you should send me a congratulatory letter, or, if you please, an *Epithalamium*, upon this occasion.

‘ Mrs Martha’s and yours eternally,

‘ Sam Hopewell.’

In order to banish an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the public, I shall endeavour to show the folly of demurrage from two or three reflections which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair readers.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred

hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her part in haste; when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female readers to consider, that as the term of Life is short, that of Beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its colouring so soon, that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this subject with roses and rainbows, and several other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when she is about threescore, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of latter spring, that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer consider what a strange figure she will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final resolution, in that unseasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural modesty in the sex, which renders a retreat from the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful. All that I intend is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination, to demur only out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a bishopric; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this particular propose the example of Eve to all her daughters, as Milton has represented her in the following passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing entire, though only the twelve last lines are to my present purpose.

The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.

She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable. On she came,
 Led by her heavenly Maker, tho' unseen,
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud:

"This turn hath made amends: thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
 Giver of all things fair; but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self."...

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd
 The more desirable; or, to say all,
 Nature herself, tho' pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd.
 I follow'd her: She what was honour knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial power
 I led her blushing like the morn—

Par. Lost. b. viii. 469.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, June 13, 1711.

Magnas sine viribus ignis

Incaustum furit

Vulg. Georg. iii. 99.

"In all the rage of impotent desire

"They feel a quenchless flame, a fruitless fire."

THERE is not, in my opinion, a consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate desires in the soul of man, than the notions of Plato and his followers upon that subject. They tell us, that every passion which has been contracted by the soul during her residence in the body, remains with her in a separate state; and that the soul in the body, or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself when he is in his house, or in open air. When therefore the obscene passions in particular have once taken root, and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine, they observe, that a lewd youth, who goes on in a continued course of voluptuousness, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the passion survives in the mind when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the desire grows more violent, and (like all other habits) gathers strength by age, at the same time when it has no power of executing its own purposes. If, say they, the soul is the most subject to these passions at a time when it has the least instigations from the body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very substance of the soul is festered with them, the gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

* No. 90.

In

In this therefore (say the Platonists) consists the punishment of a voluptuous man after death. He is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify; solicited by a passion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it. He lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this reason (says Plato) that the souls of the dead appear frequently in cœmeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal pleasures, and desiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent divines have made use of this Platonic notion, so far as it regards the subsistence of our passions after death, with great beauty and strength of reason. Plato indeed carries the thought very far, when he grafts upon it his opinion of ghosts appearing in places of burial. Though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed souls of men and women wandered up and down these lower regions, and entertained themselves with the sight of their species, one could not devise a more proper hell for an impure spirit than that which Plato has touched upon.

The ancients seem to have drawn such a state of torments in the description of Tantalus, who was punished with the rage of an eternal thirst, and set up to the chin in water that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has cast the whole system of Platonic philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the sixth book of his *Æneid* gives us the punishment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of.

—*Lucent genialibus altis*
Aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora parata
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, & manibus prohibet contingere mensas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque insonat ore.

They

They lie below on golden beds display'd,
 And genial feasts with regal pomp are made:
 The queen of Furies by their side is set,
 And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat;
 Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
 Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.

DRYDEN,

That I may a little alleviate the severity of this my Speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite readers,) I shall translate a story that has been quoted upon another occasion by one of the most learned men of the present age, as I find it in the original. The reader will see it is not foreign to my present subject, and I dare say will think it a lively representation of a person lying under the torments of such a kind of Tantalism, or Platonic hell, as that which we have now under consideration. Monsieur Pontignan speaking of a love-adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it:

' When I was in the country last summer, I was
 ' often in company with a couple of charming wo-
 ' men, who had all the wit and beauty one could de-
 ' sire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry,
 ' that from time to time gave me a great many agree-
 ' able torments. I was, after my way, in love with
 ' both of them, and had such frequent opportunities
 ' of pleading my passion to them when they were a-
 ' sunder, that I had reason to hope for particular fa-
 ' vours from each of them. As I was walking one
 ' evening in my chamber with nothing about me but
 ' my night-gown, they both came into my room, and
 ' told me they had a very pleasant trick to put upon
 ' a gentleman that was in the same house, provided
 ' I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me
 ' such a plausible story, that I laughed at their contri-
 ' vance, and agreed to do whatever they should re-
 ' quire of me. They immediately began to swaddle
 ' me up in my night-gown with long pieces of linen,
 ' which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in
 ' above

' above an hundred yards of swathe. My arms were
 ' pressed to my sides, and my legs closed together by so
 ' many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an
 ' Egyptian mummy. As I stood bolt upright upon one
 ' end in this antique figure, one of the ladies burst out
 ' a laughing: "And now, Pontignan, says she, we
 ' intend to perform the promise that we find you
 ' have extorted from each of us. You have often asked
 ' the favour of us, and I dare say you are a better
 ' bred cavalier than to refuse to go to bed to two la-
 ' dies that desire it of you." After having stood a
 ' fit of laughter, I begged them to uncase me, and do
 ' with me what they pleased, "No, no, said they,
 ' we like you very well as you are;" and upon
 ' that, ordered me to be carried to one of their
 ' houses, and put to bed in all my swaddles. The
 ' room was lighted up on all sides; and I was laid
 ' very decently between a pair of sheets, with my head
 ' (which was indeed the only part I could move) up-
 ' on a very high pillow: This was no sooner done,
 ' but my two female friends came into bed to me in
 ' their finest night-clothes. You may easily guess at
 ' the condition of a man that saw a couple of the most
 ' beautiful women in the world undrest and a-bed with
 ' him, without being able to stir hand or foot. I beg-
 ' ged them to release me, and struggled all I could to
 ' get loose, which I did with so much violence, that
 ' about midnight they both leaped out of the bed,
 ' crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe,
 ' they took their posts again, and renewed their rail-
 ' lery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours were
 ' lost, I composed myself as well as I could, and told
 ' them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall
 ' asleep between them, and by that means disgrace
 ' them for ever. But alas! this was impossible; could
 ' I have been disposed to it, they would have prevent-
 ' ed me by several little ill-natured caresses and en-
 ' dearments which they bestowed upon me. As much
 ' devoted as I am to womankind, I would not pass such
 ' another night to be master of the whole sex. My
 ' reader will doubtless be curious to know what be-
 ' came

‘came of me the next morning. Why truly my bed-fellows left me about an hour before day, and told me, if I would be good, and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise. Accordingly about nine o’clock in the morning an old woman came to unswathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of Paris, for that they went away in a coach and six before five o’clock in the morning.’

Friday, June 15, 1711*.

— *Convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Pescantes vario multum diversa palato;
Quid dem; Quid non dem?*

Hor. 2. Ep. ii. 61.

IMITATED.

“What would you have me do,
“When out of twenty I can please not two?—
“One likes the pheasant’s wing, and one the leg;
“The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg:
“Hard task, to hit the palate of such guests.”

POPE.

LOOKING over the late packets of letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one.

‘MR SPECTATOR,

‘YOUR Paper is a part of my tea-equipage;
‘and my servant knows my humour so well,
‘that calling for my breakfast this morning (it being
‘past my usual hour,) she answered, the Spectator
‘was not yet come in; but that the tea-kettle boiled,
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and she expected it every moment. Having thus in part signified to you the esteem and veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the catalogue of books which you have promised to recommend to our sex: for I have deferred furnishing my closet with authors, till I receive your advice in this particular, being your daily disciple and humble servant,

‘LEONORA.’

In answer to my fair disciple, whom I am very proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my readers, that since I have called out for help in my catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many letters upon that head, some of which I shall give an account of.

In the first class, I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent booksellers, who every one of them mention with respect the authors they have printed, and consequently have an eye to their own advantage more than to that of the ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for women to have true notions of right and equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better book than “Dalton's Country Justice.” Another thinks they cannot be without “The Complete Jockey.” A third observing the curiosity and desire of prying into secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair sex, is of opinion this female inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their advantage, and therefore recommends to me “Mr Mede upon the Revelations.” A fourth lays it down as an unquestioned truth, that a lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished who has not read “The secret Treaties and Negotiations of Marshal d'Estrades.” Mr Jacob Tonson junior is of opinion, that “Bayle's Dictionary” might be of very great use to the ladies, in order to make them general scholars. Another, whose name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every woman with child should read “Mr Wall's History of Infant Baptism;” as another is very importunate with me to recommend

to

to all my female readers "The Finishing Stroke;" "being a vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme," &c.

In the second class I shall mention books which are recommended by husbands, if I may believe the writers of them. Whether or no they are real husbands or personated ones I cannot tell, but the books they recommend are as follows: A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna." "Rules to keep Lent." "The Christian's Overthrow prevented." "A diffusive from the Play-house." "The Virtues of Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea." "The Pleasures of a Country Life." "The Government of the Tongue." A letter dated from Cheapside desires me that I would advise all young wives to make themselves mistresses of "Wingate's Arithmetic," and concludes with a postscript, that he hopes I will not forget "The Countess of Kent's Receipts."

I may reckon the ladies themselves as a third class among these my correspondents and privy-counsellors. In a letter from one of them, I am advised to place "Pharamond" at the head of my catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to "Cassandra." Coquetilla begs me not to think of nailing women upon their knees with manuals of devotion, nor of scorching their faces with books of housewifery. Florella desires to know if there are any books written against prudens, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a place in my library. Plays of all sorts have their several advocates: "All for Love" is mentioned in above fifteen letters: "Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow," in a dozen; "The Innocent Adultery" is likewise highly approved of; "Mithridates King of Pontus" has many friends; "Alexander the Great" and "Aurengzebe" have the same number of voices; but "Theodosius, or, The Force of Love," carries it from all the rest.

I should, in the last place, mention such books as have been proposed by men of learning, and those who appear competent judges of this matter, and must here take occasion to thank A. B. whoever it is that conceals himself under these two letters, for his advice

upon this subject. But as I find the work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, and have time to examine the several books they offer to me: being resolved, in an affair of this moment, to proceed with the greatest caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the ladies under my particular care, I shall make it my business to find out, in the best authors ancient and modern, such passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their taste; not questioning but the valuable part of the sex will easily pardon me, if from time to time I laugh at those little vanities and follies which appear in the behaviour of some of them, and which are more proper for ridicule than a serious censure. Most books being calculated for male readers, and generally written with an eye to men of learning, makes a work of this nature the more necessary; besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter myself that I see the sex daily improving by these my Speculations. My fair readers are already deeper scholars than the beaux. I could name some of them who talk much better than several gentlemen that make a figure at Will's; and as I frequently receive letters from the fine ladies and pretty fellows, I cannot but observe that the former are superior to the others, not only in the sense, but in the spelling. This cannot but have a good effect upon the female world, and keep them from being charmed by those empty coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the women, though laughed at among the men.

I am credibly informed that Tom Tattle passes for an impertinent fellow, that Will Trippet begins to be smoked, and that Frank Smoothly himself is within a month of a coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this Paper. For my part, as it is my business in some measure to detect such as would lead astray weak minds by their false pretences to wit and judgment, humour and gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best lights I
am

am able to the fair sex for the continuation of these
their discoveries.

Saturday, June 16, 1711*.

—Spatio brevi

Spem longam refeces : dum loquimur, sugerit invida

Ætas : Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

Hor. 1 Od. xi. 6.

“ They lengthen’d hopes with prudence bound

“ Proportion’d to the flying hour :

“ While thus we talk in careless ease

“ The envious moments wing their flight :

“ Instant the fleeting pleasures seize,

“ Nor trust to-morrow’s doubtful light.”

FRANCIS.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole

* No. 93.

life

life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follows:

The first is the exercise of Virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme, which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities, of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening

ing the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a
pitch

pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The Stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when com-

compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another Paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge.

Monday, June 18, 1711^a.

Hoc est

Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.

Mart. Epig. xxiii. 101

"The present joys of life we doubly taste,

"By looking back with pleasure to the past."

THE last method which I proposed in my Saturday's Paper, for filling up those empty spaces of life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle people, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of knowledge. I remember Mr Boyle, speaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may consume his whole life in the study of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a single science, or any branch of it, that might not furnish a man with business for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten subjects of the usefulness of knowledge, nor of the pleasure and

perfection it gives the mind ; nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it ; all which have been the topics of many other writers ; but shall indulge myself in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading, and the pursuits of knowledge, are long, but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr Locke observes, " That we get the idea of time, " or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas " which succeed one another in our minds ; that for " this reason, when we sleep soundly without dream- " ing, we have no perception of time, or the length " of it, whilst we sleep ; and that the moment wherein " we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to " think again, seems to have no distance." To which the author adds, " and so I doubt not but it would be " to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep " only one idea in his mind, without variation, and " the succession of others : and we see, that one who " fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, so as " to take but little notice of the succession of ideas " that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with " that earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his account a good part of that duration, and thinks that time shorter than it is."

We might carry this thought farther, and consider a man as on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things ; so on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly Monsieur Mallebranche, in his " Inquiry after Truth," (which was published several years before Mr Locke's " Essay on Human Understanding") tells us, That it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand

thousand years; or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of Monsieur Mallebranche is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr Locke; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the succession of ideas in our mind, and this succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the same parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity.

There is a famous passage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety-thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel Gabriel carried him away) before the water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A Sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he would desire of him. Upon this the sultan was directed to place himself by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his

head into the water, and draw it up again. The king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on a sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood: these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long that he had by her seven sons and seven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his cloaths with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water but he found himself standing by the side of the tube, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan doctor took this occasion of instructing the sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that HE, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay, a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall

I shall leave my reader to compare these Eastern fables with the notions of these two great philosophers whom I have quoted in this Paper; and shall only, by way of application, desire him to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

Friday, June 22, 1711*.

—*Tanta est quærendi cura decoris.*

Juv. Sat. vi. 500.

“So studiously their persons they adorn.”

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height,

* No. 98.

ino-

inasmuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that "we appeared as grasshoppers before them:" At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new: or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shews the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe, that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there has been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time

time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum

Ædificat caput : Andromachen a fronte videbis :

Post minor est : aliam credas.

Juv. Sat. vi. 501.

“ With curls on curls they build their head before,

“ And mount it with a formidable tow’r :

“ A giants she seems ; but look behind,

“ And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

DRYDEN.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century ; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a Pygmy without her head-dress, appeared like a Colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says, ‘ That these old-fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head : that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.’

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Connefte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode ; and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people ; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other,

other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and whenever it appeared in public was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, 'The women that, like snails, in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentré in his history of Bretagne, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this Paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the master-piece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly con-

contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbands, and bone-lace.

Saturday, June 23, 1711*.

—*Turpi se cornis bonestum.*

Hor. 1 Sat. vi. 63.

“You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong.”

THE club, of which I have often declared myself a member, were last night engaged in a discourse upon that which passes for the chief point of honour among men and women; and started a great many hints upon the subject, which I thought were entirely new. I shall therefore methodize the several reflections that arose upon this occasion, and present my reader with them for the Speculation of this day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this Paper which seems to differ with any passage of last Thursday's, the reader will consider this as the sentiments of the club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather those of Pharamond.

The great point of honour in men is Courage, and in women, Chastity. If a man loses his honour in one rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another: a slip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable. I can give no reason for fixing the point of honour to these two qualities, unless it be, that each sex sets the greatest value on the qualification which renders them the most amiable in the eyes of the contrary sex. Had men chosen for themselves, without regard to the opinions of the fair sex, I should believe the choice would have fallen on wisdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it against chastity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female sex than Courage; whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a terror to others fall like a slave at their feet, or that this quality supplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from insults, and avenging their quarrels, or that courage is a natural indication of a strong and sprightly constitution. On the other side, nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than Chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a passage in the inscription on a monument erected in Westminster-Abbey to the late duke and dutchess of Newcastle. "Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous."

In books of chivalry, where the point of honour is strained to madness, the whole story runs on chastity and courage. The damsel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of her innocence; and, to avoid scandal, must have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, until some misfortune has brought a knight-errant to her relief. The knight falls in love, and did not gratitude restrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her disdain. However, he must waste many years in the desert, before her virgin-heart can think of a surrender. The knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself, seeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and after seven years rambling returns to his mistress, whose chastity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour.

In Spain, where there are still great remains of this romantic humour, it is a transporting favour for a lady to cast an accidental glance on her lover, from a window, though it be two or three stories high; as it

is usual for the lover to assert his passion for his mistress, in single combat with a mad bull.

The great violation of the point of honour from man to man, is giving the lye. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blasphemes, and it may pass unpresented; but to say he lyes, though but in jest, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reason perhaps may be, because no other vice implies a want of courage so much as the making of a lye; and therefore telling a man he lyes, is touching him in the most sensible part of honour, and indirectly calling him a Coward. I cannot omit under this head what Herodotus tells us of the ancient Persians, That from the age of five years to twenty they instruct their sons only in three things, to manage the horse, to make use of the bow, and to speak truth.

The placing the point of honour in this false kind of courage, has given occasion to the very refuse of mankind, who have neither virtue nor common sense, to set up for men of honour. An English peer, who has not been long dead, used to tell a pleasant story of a French gentleman that visited him early one morning at Paris, and, after great professions of respect, let him know that he had it in his power to oblige him; which, in short, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his lordship the person's name who justified him as he came out from the opera; but before he would proceed, he begged his lordship that he would not deny him the honour of making him his second. The English lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish affair, told him, that he was under engagements for his two next duels to a couple of particular friends. Upon which the gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his lordship would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an affair from whence he himself was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this false notion of honour, in so vain and lively a people as those of France, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious parts of their present king's reign. It is pity but the punishment of these mischievous notions should have in it

Some particular circumstances of shame and infamy; that those who are slaves to them may see, that, instead of advancing their reputations, they lead them to ignominy and dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it; but if every one that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

When honour is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: but when the dictates of honour are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest depravations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society.

Tuesday, June 26, 1711*.

*Romulus, & liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti;
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis: —*

Hor. 2 Ep. i. 5.

IMITATED.

“Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
“And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
“After a life of generous toils endur’d,
“The Gaul subdu’d, or property secur’d,
“Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm’d,
“Or laws establish’d, and the world reform’d;
“Clos’d their long glories with a sigh, to find
“Th’ unwilling gratitude of base mankind.” POPE.

“CENSURE, says a late ingenious author, is the
“tax a man pays to the public for being emi-
“nent.”

* No 101.

ment." It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.

If men of eminence are exposed to censure on one hand, they are as much liable to flattery on the other. If they receive reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the man in a high post is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered as a friend or an enemy. For this reason, persons in great stations have seldom their true character drawn till several years after their deaths. Their personal friendship and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunities of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow Cæsar to be a great man, without derogating from Pompey; and celebrate the virtues of Cato, without detracting from those of Cæsar. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which, whilst he lived, his friends were too profuse, and his enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, the last comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In like manner, if an Englishman considers the great ferment

ment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years. In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men represented under their proper characters. Some eminent historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as Tacitus expresses it,) with the passions and prejudices of a contemporary author, but make an impartial distribution of fame among the great men of the present age.

I cannot forbear entertaining myself very often with the idea of such an imaginary historian describing the reign of ANNE the First, and introducing it with a preface to his reader, that he is now entering upon the most shining part of the English story. The great rivals in fame will be then distinguished according to their respective merits, and shine in their proper points of light. Such an one (says the historian,) though variously represented by the writers of his own age, appears to have been a man of more than ordinary abilities, great application, and uncommon integrity: nor was Such an one (though of an opposite party and interest) inferior to him in any of these respects. The several antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different parties, will then have the same body of admirers, and appear illustrious in the opinion of the whole British nation. The deserving man, who can now recommend himself to the esteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauses of a whole age.

Among the several persons that flourish in this glorious reign, there is no question but such a future historian, as the person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the British nation. For my own part, I often flatter myself with the honourable mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I
fancy

fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some page or other of this imaginary historian.

It was under this reign, says he, that the Spectator published those little diurnal essays which are still extant. We know very little of the name or person of this author, except only that he was a man of a very short face, extremely addicted to silence, and so great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to Grand Cairo for no other reason but to take the measure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir Roger de Coverley, a whimsical country knight, and a templar, whose name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the house of a widow-woman, and was a great humorist in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his person and character. As for his Speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete words and obscure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet-show: that they attested their principles by their patches: that an audience would sit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand: that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage: that a promiscuous assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in masks within the verge of the court: with many improbabilities of the like nature. We must therefore, in these and the like cases, suppose that these remote hints and allusions aimed at some certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at present we have not any notion of. We may guess, by several passages in the Speculations, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot

cannot guess at any objections that could be made to his Paper. If we consider his stile with that indulgence which we must shew to old English writers, or if we look into the variety of his subjects, with those several critical dissertations, moral reflections, . . .

The following part of the paragraph is so much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my reader will excuse me for not inserting it.

Wednesday, June 27, 1711.

—*Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

Phædr. Fab. xiv. 3.

“The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may
“return the better to thinking.”

I DO not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length without either preface or postscript.

“MR SPECTATOR,

‘WOMEN are armed with fans as men with
‘swords, and sometimes do more execution
‘with them. To the end therefore that ladies may
‘be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear,
‘I have erected an academy for the training up of
‘young women in the exercise of the fan, according

* No. 102.

‘ 10

‘ to the most fashionable airs and motions that are
 ‘ now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans
 ‘ under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great
 ‘ hall, where they are instructed in the use of their
 ‘ arms, and exercised by the following words of com-
 ‘ mand :

‘ Handle your Fans,
 ‘ Unfurl your Fans,
 ‘ Discharge your Fans,
 ‘ Ground your Fans,
 ‘ Recover your Fans,
 ‘ Flutter your Fans.

‘ By the right observation of these few plain words of
 ‘ command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will
 ‘ apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space
 ‘ of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all
 ‘ the graces that can possibly enter into that little mo-
 ‘ dish machine.

‘ But to the end that my readers may form to them-
 ‘ selves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to
 ‘ explain it to them in all its parts. When my female
 ‘ regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her
 ‘ weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to
 ‘ Handle their Fans, each of them shakes her fan at
 ‘ me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman
 ‘ a tap upon her shoulder, then presses her lips with
 ‘ the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an
 ‘ easy motion, and stands in a readiness to receive the
 ‘ next word of command. All this is done with a
 ‘ close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

‘ The next motion is that of Unfurling the Fan,
 ‘ in which are comprehended several little flirts and vi-
 ‘ brations, as also gradual and deliberate openings,
 ‘ with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan it-
 ‘ self, that are seldom learned under a month’s prac-
 ‘ tice. This part of the Exercise pleases the Specta-
 ‘ tors more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden
 ‘ an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds,
 ‘ beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that
 VOL. II. N ‘ display

‘ display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

‘ Upon my giving the word to Discharge their Fans, they give one general crack, that they may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of their exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who, at their first entrance, could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of a room, who can now Discharge a Fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or unsuitable occasions) to shew upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind, which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

‘ When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command in course is to Ground their Fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the Exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose,) may be learned in two days time as well as a twelvemonth.

‘ When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out Recover your Fans. This part of the Exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

‘ The Fluttering of the Fan is the last, and indeed the master-piece of the whole Exercise; but if a lady does not mispend her time, she may make herself
‘ mistress

' mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside
' the dog-days, and the hot time of the summer, for
' the teaching this part of the Exercise; for as soon as
' ever I pronounce "Flutter your Fans," the place is
' filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are
' very refreshing in that season of the year, though
' they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender con-
' stitution in any other.

' There is an infinite variety of motions to be made
' use of in the Flutter of a Fan. There is the angry
' flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the
' confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous
' flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emo-
' tion in the mind which does not produce a suitable
' agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the
' fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether
' she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan
' so very angry, that it would have been dangerous
' for the absent lover who provoked it to have come
' within the wind of it; and at other times so very
' languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's
' sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I
' need not add, that a fan is either a prude or co-
' quette, according to the nature of the person who
' bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint
' you, that I have from my own observations compiled a
' little treatise for the use of my scholars, intitled, The
' Passions of the Fan: which I will communicate to
' you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I
' shall have a general review on Thursday next; to
' which you shall be very welcome if you will honour
' it with your presence. I am, &c.

' P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of
' gallanting a Fan.'

' N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this
' use, to avoid expence.'

Saturday, June 30, 1711*.

—*Id arbitrator*

Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.

Ter. Andr. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

"I take it to be a principle rule of life, not to be too
"much addicted to any one thing."

MY friend Will. Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth; for Will. reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education; and fancies he should never have been the man he is, had not he broke windows, knocked down constables, disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will. calls the studying of mankind; and terms this knowledge of the town the knowledge of the world. Will. ingenuously confesses, that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men over-night; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will. looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.

For these reasons Will. shines in mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our club, however, has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as Will. often insults us with his knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

* No. 105.

He

He was last week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town ; but, very unluckily, several of the words were wrong spelt. Will. laughed this off at first as well as he could ; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the Templar, he told us with a little passion, that he never liked pedantry in spelling, and that he spelt like a gentleman, and not like a scholar : Upon this Will. had recourse to his old topic of shewing the narrow-spiritedness, the pride, and ignorance of pedants ; which he carried so far, that, upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon that subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town ? Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court ! He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame ; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of ombre. When he has gone thus far, he has shewn you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther conversation. What are these but rank pedants ? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant, who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodg-

lodgments and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the law-pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster-hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or in the most trivial point of conversation, but by dint of argument. The state-pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants which I have mentioned, the book-pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised understanding, and a head which is full, though confused; so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters, and the wonder of his age; when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rec-

tified

tified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

Monday, July 2, 1711*.

Hinc tibi copia

*Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.*

Hor. 1. Od. xvii. 14.

"Here Plenty's liberal horn shall pour

"Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,

"Rich honours of the quiet plain."

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shews me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his

* No 106.

servants

servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, tho' he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have

I have observed in several of my Papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as well as his imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer, told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not shew it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he has every day solicited me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them: if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him, that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested

them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical Divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Bishop of St Asaph in the morning, and Dr South in the afternoon. He then shewed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr Barrow, Dr Calamy, with several living authors, who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

Wednesday, July 4, 1711*.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens,

Phædr. Fab. v. 2.

"Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about no thing."

AS I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought

* No. 108.

him

him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

‘ Sir ROGER,

‘ I Desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely. I am, Sir,

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ WILL. WIMBLE.’

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will. Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendant of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy be-

tween a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will. is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them how they wear? These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will. the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazle-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will. desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will. began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of the pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of this discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank,
with

with several other particularities that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will. Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will. was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physick; and that, finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents have him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupation of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first Speculation.

Friday,

Friday, July 6, 1711*.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

Virg. *Æn.* ii. 755.

"All things are full of horror and affright,
"And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night."

DRYDEN.

A T a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of the whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sun-set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without his head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy elder

* No. 110.

bushes,

bushes, and the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walks of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects natural raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas; has very curious remarks, to shew how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprights have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives: but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted,

ed,

ed, and by that means was locked up: that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living; and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, That the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these sur-
faces

faces, or thin cases, that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this Paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself, as the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words.

Glaphyra, the daughter of king Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when, in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: "Glaphyra, says he, thou hast made good the old saying. That women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamefully crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our passed loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever." Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings; besides, that the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of divine providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue.

Saturday, July 7, 1711*.

—*Inter silvas academi quærere verum.*

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 45.

“To search for truth in academic groves.”

THE course of my last Speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the immortality of the soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that established this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs, drawn;

First, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this great point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject,

* NO. 111.

though

though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Hares

Hare dem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 175.

“—Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood

“Wave urges wave.”

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature,

ture, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is, not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that how high soever the station is of which

He stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where these are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it: And can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness?

Monday, July 9, 1711.

A lady writes to the Spectator, 1711, as follows.
Pythag.

"First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
"Worship th' immortal gods."

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.

Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger being a good church-man, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard of.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surpris'd into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleas'd with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was

I was yesterday very much surpris'd to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, no body presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleas'd with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a-year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire; and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson,

son, never comes to church. The 'Squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a-year who do not believe it.

Thursday July 12, 1711*.

Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

Juv. Sat. x. 356.

“Pray for a sound mind in a sound body.”

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the

* No. 115.

body

body as a system of tubes and glands; or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might

not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of Exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and shew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger shewed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half

half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes: for Sir Roger has told me, that, in the course of his amours, he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of the *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition: It is there called the *oxipectia*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows.

shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

Saturday, July 14, 1711.

— *Ipse sibi somnia fingunt.* Virg. Ecl. viii. 108.

“ With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.”

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West-Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of Witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect up-

* No 117.

on

on the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call Witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:

In a close lane as I pursu'd my journey,
 I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with age grown double,
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
 Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
 Cold palsy shook her head: her hands seem'd with-
 er'd;
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
 The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,
 Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold;
 So there was nothing of a piece about her.
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
 With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yel-
 low,
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country; that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced

stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried Amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. Nay, (says Sir Roger) I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning.

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself: for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a Justice of Peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbour's cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home Sir Roger told me, that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children

children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepid parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

Tuesday, July 17, 1711*.

*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibzee, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem*——

Virg. Ecl. i. 20.

“The city men call Rome, unskilful clown,

“I thought resembled this our humble town.”

WARTON.

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country,

* No. 119.

are

are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good-breeding, as they shew themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so incumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behaviour, are the height of good-breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good-breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world, by his excess of good-breeding. A polite country esquire shall make you as many bows in half an hour, as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely

initely more to do about place and precedence in a meeting of justices wives, than in an assembly of dutchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will. Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner until I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile until I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express every thing that had the most remote appearance of being obscene, in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms, that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good-manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished

in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good-breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard behaviour and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this too the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaux are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to out-vie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

Wednesday, July 18, 1711*.

—*Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis*

Ingenium—

Virg. Georg. i. 451.

—“ I deem their breasts inspir’d

“ With a divine sagacity.”—

MY friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among

* No. 120.

his

his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favourite; and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those Speculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are lust and hunger. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter, to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther; as insects and several kinds of fish. Others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposite them in, and there leave them; as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be Imitation;

for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be Reason; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. "A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal, she kept her eye fixt on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments."

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and, what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that

that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! when she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! when she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter,

winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner. She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays. She does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and, at the same time, works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the

the

the first mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

Thursday, July 19, 1711*.

—— *Jovis omnia plena.*

Virg. Ecl. iii. 60.

—— “All things are full of Jove.”

AS I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the step-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed Reason, so when we call it Instinct, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last Paper, it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the supreme Being as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his learned dissertation on the souls of brutes, delivers the same opinion, tho' in a bolder form of words, where he says *Deus est anima brutorum*, God himself is the soul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed, that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately, and of its own accord, it applies itself to the teat. Dampier, in his Travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never

* No. 121.

venture

venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting forever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding animals have nothing like the use of reason, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the passion, and senses, in their greatest strength and perfection. And here it is worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent passions that may animate them in search of their proper food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in their flight, are suspicious, fearful, and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear; whilst others that are of assistance and use to man, have their natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestic life. In this case the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion. In the same manner, we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses which most turn to their advantage, and in which their safety and welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kind of animals, such as claws, hoofs, horns, teeth, and tusks; a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a *proboscis*. It is likewise observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle distinct from what we call reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before the weapon be formed in it, as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within doors, and never saw the action of their own species, push at those who approach

approach them with their foreheads, before the first budding of a horn appears.

I shall add to these general observations an instance which Mr Locke has given us of Providence even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal world.

“ We may, says he, from the make of an oyster, or cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals: nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to or from the object, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? and would not quickness of sensation, be an inconvenience to an animal that must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it.”

I shall add to this instance out of Mr Locke another out of the learned Dr More, who cites it from Cardan, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but at the same time has shown its wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. “ What is more obvious and ordinary than a Mole? and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than she? the members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life: for her dwelling being underground, where nothing is to be seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can scarce agree whether she have any sight at all, or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore-feet armed with sharp claws; we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth, as they that behold it cannot

“but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that
 “she need dig no more than will serve the mere thick-
 “ness of her body; and her fore-feet are broad, that
 “she may scoop away much earth at a time; and lit-
 “tle or no tail she has, because she courses it not on
 “the ground, like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred
 “she is; but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig
 “herself a dwelling there. And she making her way
 “through so thick an element, which will not yield
 “easily, as the air or the water, it had been danger-
 “ous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for
 “her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her
 “out, before she had compleated or got full possession
 “of her works.”

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr Boyle's remark upon this last creature, who I remember, somewhere in his works, observes, that though the mole be not totally blind, (as it is commonly thought) she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if Providence shews itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and compleated in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted.

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a body of Natural History, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations. If the several writers among them, took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of its original birth

birth and education; its policies, hostilities and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the All-wise Contriver.

It is sure, such a natural history, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation. Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the howling wilderness, and in the great deep, that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.

Tully has given us an admirable sketch of natural history, in his second book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and that in a style so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.

Friday, July 20, 1711*.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.

Publ. Syr. Frag.

"An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach."

A MAN's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will. Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon the road, Will. Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a-year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week;

* No. 122.

and

and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the Petty-Jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the Willow-Tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom. Touchy, Will. Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will. told him that Mr Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will. it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom. Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr such-a-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that, "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the affizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came: but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the

the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "That he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-

good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, 'That it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches; and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's-head. I should not have known this story had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, That his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "That much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

Saturday,

Saturday, July 21, 1711*.

Dôctrina sed vim promovet instam,

Relique cultus pectora roborant :

Utcunque defecere mores,

Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.

Hor. 4 Od. iv. 33.

" Yet the best blood by learning is refin'd,

" And virtue arms the solid mind ;

" Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,

" And the paternal stamp efface."

OLDISWORTH.

AS I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh coloured ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts, I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers, who, either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or

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from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large, under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel, than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where, by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities, he made his way from one post to another, until at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette, whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr Cowley, "there is no dallying with life,") they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to

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this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a-year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter: but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, until they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances,

circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a-year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her, by degrees grew into love, which, in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue, became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all these arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so

filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and, amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just recompence, as well as the natural effects of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

Monday,

Monday, July 9, 1711*.

"A great book is a great evil."

A MAN who publishes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in loose tracts and single pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky volume, till after some heavy preamble, and several words of course, to prepare the reader for what follows. Nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, That a man ought to be dull sometimes: as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer. This gave occasion to the famous proverb which I have chosen for my motto, "That a great book is a great evil."

On the contrary, those who publish their thoughts in distinct sheets, and as it were by piece-meal, have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our Papers are thrown by as dull and insipid. Our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the turn it receives from our expressions. Were the books of our best authors thus to be retailed to the public, and every page submitted to the taste of forty or fifty thousand readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some Papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in

* No. 124.

bulk:

bulk : that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts ; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenick way ; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An Essay-writer must practise in the Chymical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny-paper. There would be scarce such a thing in nature as a Folio ; the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves ; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furnishing out separate Papers of this nature, has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after such a manner : though I must confess I am amazed that the press should be only made use of in this way by news-writers, and the zealots of parties ; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind, to be instructed in wisdom and virtue, than in politics ; and to be made good fathers, husbands, and sons, than counsellors and statesmen. Had the philosophers and great men of antiquity, who took so much pains in order to instruct mankind, and leave the world wiser and better than they found it ; had they, I say, been possessed of the Art of Printing, there is no question but they would have made such an advantage of it, in dealing out lectures to the public. Our common Prints would be of great use were they thus calculated to diffuse good sense through the bulk of a people, to clear up their understandings, animate their minds with virtue, dissipate the sorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more severe employments with innocent amusements. When knowledge, instead of being bound up in books, and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the public ; when it is canvassed in every assembly, and exposed upon every table, I
cannot

cannot forbear reflecting upon that passage in the Proverbs ; " Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets : she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates. In the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity ? and the scorers delight in their scorning ? and fools hate knowledge ? "

The many letters which come to me from persons of the best sense in both sexes, (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing), do not a little encourage me in the prosecution of this my undertaking ; besides that my bookseller tells me, the demand for these my Papers increases daily. It is at his instance that I shall continue my rural speculations to the end of this month ; several having made up separate sets of them, as they have done before of those relating to Wit, to Operas, to Points of Morality, or Subjects of Humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my works thrown aside by men of no taste nor learning. There is a kind of heaviness and ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for knowledge to break through. Their souls are not to be enlightened,

——— *Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*

Virg. *Æn.* ii. 360.

" Black night enwraps them in her gloomy shade."

To these I must apply the fable of the Mole, That, after having consulted many oculists for the bettering of his sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles ; but, upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his mother told him very prudently, " That spectacles, though they might help the eye of a man, could be of no use to a mole." It is not therefore for the benefit of moles that I publish these my daily Essays.

But besides such as are Moles through ignorance, there

there are others who are Moles through envy. As it is said in a Latin proverb, "That one man is a Wolf to another:" so generally speaking, one author is a Mole to another author. It is impossible for them to discover beauties in one another's works; they have eyes only for spots and blemishes: they can indeed see the light, as it is said of the animals which are their namesakes, but the idea of it is painful to them; they immediately shut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful obscurity. I have already caught two or three of these dark undermining vermin, and intend to make a string of them, in order to hang them up in one of my Papers, as an example to all such voluntary Moles.

Tuesday, July 24, 1711*.

*Ne pueri, ne tanta animis affuescite bella;
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.*

Virg. Æn. vi. 832.

"This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,
"Nor turn your force against your country's breast."

DRYDEN.

MY worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at the time when the feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St Anne's lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint? The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's lane?

* No 125.

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but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shewn the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir Roger, I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country, how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party-spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, That a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others: if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you. I might here ob-

serve how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote ; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party-principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party-spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and intire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive scurrilous stile passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party-notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations

lations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulations of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelfes and Gibellines, and France by those who were for and against the League: but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem; if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be

grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as whigs or tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

Wednesday, July 25, 1711*.

Tros Rutulorum suat, nullo discrimine habebō.

Virg. *Æn.* x. 108.

“Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.” DRYDEN,

IN my yesterday's Paper I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner.

“WE whose names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, That we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, That six is less than seven in all times and all places; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, That it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions op-

* No 126.

“pose

"pose such persons that upon any day of the year
 "shall call black white, or white black, with the ut-
 "most peril of our lives and fortunes."

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under colour of the public good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders; we should soon see that furious party-spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and deprived part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the Ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the Ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, Ægypt, says the historian, would be over-run with crocodiles; for the Ægyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents,

lents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my Speculations I have endeavoured, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice, which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward show of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockies and Tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former Papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed, and the other to the monied interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no further than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find however that the knight is a much stronger tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take

take any notice of the Staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into a house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humour. Being upon the bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a-week) I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair better, no body would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money off him,

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will. Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, no body knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will. stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissention in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions;
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and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

Thursday, July 26, 1711*.

— *Quantum est in rebus inane!*

Perf. Sat. i. 1.

“How much of emptiness we find in things!”

IT is our custom at Sir Roger's, upon the coming in of the post, to sit about a pot of coffee, and hear the old knight read Dyer's Letter; which he does with his spectacles upon his nose, and in an audible voice, smiling very often at those little strokes of satire which are so frequent in the writings of that author. I afterwards communicate to the knight such packets as I receive under the quality of Spectator. The following letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his request.

* MR SPECTATOR,

* YOU have diverted the town almost a whole month
 * at the expence of the country, it is now high
 * time that you should give the country their revenge.
 * Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair-sex
 * are run into great extravagancies. Their petticoats,
 * which began to heave and swell before you left us,
 * are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and
 * rise every day more and more. In short, Sir, since
 * our women know themselves to be out of the eye of
 * the Spectator, they will be kept within no compass.
 * You praised them a little too soon, for the modesty
 * of their head-dresses; for as the humour of a sick
 * person is often driven out of one limb into another,
 * their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being in-
 * tirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads
 * upon their lower parts. What they have lost in
 * height they make up in breadth, and contrary to all

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* rules

'rules of architecture widen the foundations at the
'same time that they shorten the superstructure. Were
'they, like Spanish jennets, to impregnate by the
'wind, they could not have thought on a more pro-
'per invention. But as we do not yet hear any par-
'ticular use in this petticoat, or that it contains any
'thing more than what was supposed to be in those
'of scantier make, we are wonderfully at a loss about
'it.

'The women give out, in defence of these wide bot-
'toms, that they are airy, and very proper for the sea-
'son; but this I look upon to be only a pretence, and
'a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had
'a more moderate summer these many years, so that
'it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in
'the weather. Besides, I would fain ask these tender-
'constituted ladies, why they should require more
'cooling than their mothers before them?

'I find several speculative persons are of opinion that
'our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that
'the hoop-petticoat is made use of to keep us at a dis-
'tance. It is most certain that a woman's honour can-
'not be better intrenched than after this manner, in
'circle within circle, amidst such a variety of out-works
'and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus
'invested in whalebone is sufficiently secured against
'the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as
'well think of Sir George Etherege's way of making
'Love in a Tub, as in the midst of so many hoops.

'Among these various conjectures, there are men of
'superstitious tempers, who look upon the Hoop Pet-
'ticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that
'it portends the downfall of the French king, and ob-
'serve that the Farthingal appeared in England a lit-
'tle before the ruin of the Spanish monarchy. Others
'are of opinion that it foretels battle and bloodshed,
'and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail
'of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think
'it is a sign that multitudes are coming into the world
'rather than going out of it.

'The first time I saw a lady dressed in one of these
petticoats,

' petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my
 ' own thoughts for walking abroad when she was so
 ' near her time, but soon recovered myself out of my
 ' error, when I found all the modish part of the sex
 ' as far gone as herself. It is generally thought some
 ' crafty women have thus betrayed their companions
 ' into hoops, that they might make them accessary to
 ' their own concealments, and by that means escape
 ' the censure of the world: as wary generals have
 ' sometimes dressed two or three dozen of their friends
 ' in their own habit, that they might not draw upon
 ' themselves any particular attacks from the enemy.
 ' The strutting petticoat smoothes all distinctions, levels
 ' the mother with the daughter, and sets maids and
 ' matrons, wives and widows, upon the same bottom.
 ' In the mean while, I cannot but be troubled to see
 ' so many well-shaped innocent virgins bloated up,
 ' and waddling up and down like big-bellied women.

' Should this fashion get among the ordinary people,
 ' our public ways would be so crowded that we should
 ' want street-room. Several congregations of the best
 ' fashion find themselves already very much straitened,
 ' and if the mode increase, I wish it may not drive
 ' many ordinary women into meetings and conven-
 ' ticles. Should our sex, at the same time, take it into
 ' their heads to wear Trunk Breeches (as who knows
 ' what their indignation at this female treatment may
 ' drive them to!) a man and his wife would fill a whole
 ' pew.

' You know, Sir, it is recorded of Alexander the
 ' Great, that in his Indian expedition he buried several
 ' suits of armour, which by his directions were made
 ' much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give
 ' posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make
 ' them believe he had commanded an army of giants.
 ' I am persuaded that if one of the present petticoats
 ' happens to be hung up in any repository of curio-
 ' sities, it will lead into the same error the generations
 ' that lie some removes from us; unless we can believe
 ' our posterity will think so disrespectfully of their great
 ' grand-

'grand-mothers, that they made themselves monstrous
'to appear amiable.

'When I survey this new-fashioned Rotunda in all
'its parts, I cannot but think of the old philosopher,
'who, after having entered into an Egyptian temple,
'and looked about for the idol of the place, at length
'discovered a little black monkey inshrined in the
'midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying
'out, to the great scandal of the worshippers, What
'a magnificent palace is here for such a ridiculous in-
'habitant!

'Though you have taken a resolution, in one of
'your Papers, to avoid descending to particularities of
'dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on
'so extraordinary an occasion, to unhoop the fair sex,
'and cure this fashionable tympany that is got among
'them. I am apt to think the petticoat will shrink of
'its own accord at your first coming to town; at
'least a touch of your pen will make it contract itself
'like the sensitive plant, and by that means oblige se-
'veral who are either terrified or astonished at this por-
'tentous novelty, and among the rest,

'Your humble servant, &c.

Friday, July 27, 1711*.

— *Concordia discors.*

Lucan. i. 98.

— "Harmonious discord."

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay
and joyous than men; whether it be that their
blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and
their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether,
as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of
sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine.
As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men.
They should each of them therefore keep a watch up-

* No. 128.

X 2

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on the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it many not *Draw* too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette: the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good-humour of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Natural historians observe (for whilst I am in the country, I must fetch my allusions from thence), that only the male birds have voices; that their songs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little after; that whilst the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his stand upon a neighbouring bough within her hearing; and by that means amuses and diverts her with his songs during the whole time of her sitting.

This contract among birds lasts no longer than till a brood of young ones arises from it: so that in the feathered kind, the cares and fatigues of the married state, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the female. On the contrary, as in our species the man and the woman are joined together for life, and the main burden rests upon the former, nature has given all the little arts of soothing and blandishment to the female, that she may cheer and animate her companion in a constant and assiduous application to the making a provision for his family, and the educating of their common children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both parties; but only

to

to set forth what seems to have been the general intention of nature, in the different inclinations and endowments which are bestowed on the different sexes.

But whatever was the reason that man and woman were made with this variety of temper, if we observe the conduct of the fair sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a person who resembles them in that light and volatile humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old complaint, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of sense. When we see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite. Noise and flutter are such accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object. She would have the lover a woman in every thing but the sex. I do not know a finer piece of satire on this part of womankind, than those lines of Mr Dryden,

Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form
And empty noise; and loves itself in man.

This is a source of infinite calamities to the sex, as it frequently joins them to men, who in their own thoughts are as fine creatures as themselves, or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their fortunes, inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiscretions.

The same female levity is no less fatal to them after marriage than before. It represents to their imaginations the faithful, prudent husband as an honest, tractable and domestic animal; and turns their thoughts upon the fine gay gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads astray the hearts of ordinary women in the choice of their lovers and the treatment of their husbands, it operates with the same pernicious influence towards their children, who

who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of their mother. She admires in her son what she loved in her gallant; and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless progeny.

The younger Faustina was a lively instance of this sort of women. Notwithstanding she was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the Roman emperors, she thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman; and had taken such care to accomplish her son Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that when he ascended the throne of his father, he became the most foolish and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, signalizing himself in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out men's brains. As he had no taste of true glory, we see him in several medals and statues which are still extant of him, equipped like a Hercules, with a club and a lion's skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the characters I have heard of a country-gentleman and his lady, who do not live many miles from Sir Roger. The wife is an old coquette, that is always hankering after the diversions of the town; the husband a morose rustick, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is over-run with affectation, the husband sunk into brutality. The lady cannot bear the noise of the larks and nightingales, hates your tedious summer-days, and is sick at the sight of shady woods and purling streams; the husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at effenced fops and tawdry courtiers. Their children are educated in these different notions of their parents. The sons follow the father about his grounds, while the daughters read volumes of love-letters and romances to their mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the girls look upon their father as a clown, and the boys think their mother no better than she should be.

How

How different are the lives of Aristus and Aspasia! The innocent vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the chearful gravity of the other. The wife grows wise by the discourses of the husband, and the husband good-humoured by the conversations of the wife. Aristus would not be so amiable were it not for his Aspasia, nor Aspasia so much esteemed were it not for her Aristus. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuse through the whole family a perpetual spirit of benevolence, complacency, and satisfaction.

Saturday, July 28, 1711^a.

*Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum;
Cum rota posterior curras & in axe secundo.*

Perf. Sat. v. 71.

'Thou, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst

'Still to be near, but ne'er to be the first." DRYDEN.

GREAT masters in painting never care for drawing people in the fashion; as very well knowing that the head-dress, or periwig, that now prevails, and gives a grace to their portraiture at present, will make a very odd figure, and perhaps look monstrous in the eyes of posterity. For this reason they often represent an illustrious person in a Roman habit, or in some other dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my country friends, that there was such a kind of Everlasting Drapery to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the town, and that they would agree upon such fashions as should never be liable to changes and innovations. For want of this standing dress, a man who takes a journey into the country is as much surpris'd, as one who walks in a gallery of old family pictures, and finds as great a variety of garbs and habits in the persons he

* No. 129.

converses

converses with. Did they keep to one constant dress, they would sometimes be in the fashion, which they never are as matters are managed at present. If instead of running after the mode, they would continue fixed in one certain habit, the mode would some time or other overtake them, as a clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve hours. In this case therefore I would advise them, as a gentleman did his friend who was hunting about the whole town after a rambling fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant yourself at the corner of any one street, I will engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touched upon this subject in a Speculation which shews how cruelly the country are led astray in following the town; and equipped in a ridiculous habit, when they fancy themselves in the height of the mode. Since that Speculation I have received a letter (which I there hinted at) from a gentleman who is now on the Western Circuit;

‘ Mr SPECTATOR,

‘ **B** EING a lawyer of the Middle-Temple, a Cornish-
 ‘ man by birth, I generally ride the western cir-
 ‘ cuit for my health, and as I am not interrupted with
 ‘ clients, have leisure to make many observations that
 ‘ escape the notice of my fellow-travellers.

‘ One of the most fashionable women I met with in
 ‘ all the circuit was my landlady at Stains, where I
 ‘ chanced to be at on a holiday. Her commode was
 ‘ not half a foot high, and her petticoat within some
 ‘ yards of a modish circumference. In the same place
 ‘ I observed a young fellow with a tolerable periwig,
 ‘ had it not been covered with a hat that was shaped
 ‘ in the Ramilie cock. As I proceeded in my journey
 ‘ I observed the petticoat grew scantier and scantier,
 ‘ and about threescore miles from London was so very
 ‘ unfashionable, that a woman might walk in it with-
 ‘ out any manner of inconvenience.

‘ Not far from Salisbury I took notice of a justice of
 ‘ peace’s lady, who was at least ten years behind-hand

‘ in

'in her dress, but as the same time as fine as hands
'could make her. She was flounced and furbelowed
'from head to foot; every ribbon was wrinkled, and
'every part of her garments in curl, so that she
'looked like one of those animals which in the country
'we call a Friezland hen.

'Not many miles beyond this place I was informed
'that one of the last year's little muffs had by some
'means or other straggled into those parts, and that
'all the women of fashion were cutting their old
'muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the
'little model which was got among them. I cannot
'believe the report they have there, that it was sent
'down franked by a parliament-man in a little packet;
'but probably by next winter this fashion will be at
'the height in the country, when it is quite out at
'London.

'The greatest beau at our next county sessions was
'dressed in a most monstrous flaxen periwig, that was
'made in king William's reign. The wearer of it
'goes, it seems, in his own hair when he is at home,
'and lets his wig lie in buckle for a whole half year,
'that he may put it on upon occasion to meet the judges
'in it.

'I must not here omit an adventure which happen-
'ed to us in a country church upon the frontiers of Corn-
'wall. As we were in the midst of the service, a lady,
'who is the chief woman of the place, and had passed
'the winter at London with her husband, entered the
'congregation in a little head-dress, and a hooped pet-
'ticoat. The people, who were wonderfully startled
'at such a sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at
'the prodigious bottom, and some at the little top of
'this strange dress. In the mean time, the lady of
'the manor filled the area of the church, and walked
'up to her pew with an unspeakable satisfaction, a-
'midst the whispers, conjectures, and astonishments of
'the whole congregation.

'Upon our way from hence we saw a young fellow
'riding towards us full gallop, with a bob wig and
'a black silken bag tied to it. He stopt short at the
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‘ coach to ask us how far the judges were behind us.
 ‘ His stay was so very short, that we had only time to
 ‘ observe his new silk waistcoat, which was unbut-
 ‘ toned in several places to let us see that he had a
 ‘ clean shirt on, which was ruffled down to his mid-
 ‘ dle.

‘ From this place, during our progress through the
 ‘ most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied our-
 ‘ selves in king Charles the Second’s reign, the people
 ‘ having made very little variations in their dress since
 ‘ that time. The smartest of the country squires ap-
 ‘ pear still in the Monmouth-cock, and when they go
 ‘ a-wooing (whether they have any post in the militia
 ‘ or not) they generally put on a red coat. We were,
 ‘ indeed, very much surpris’d, at the place we lay at
 ‘ last night, to meet with a gentleman that had accou-
 ‘ tred himself in a night-cap-wig, a coat with long pock-
 ‘ ets and slit sleeves, and a pair of shoes with high
 ‘ scollop tops; but we soon found by his conversation
 ‘ that he was a person who laughed at the ignorance
 ‘ and rusticity of the country people, and was resolv’d
 ‘ to live and die in the mode.

‘ SIR, if you think this account of my travels may
 ‘ be of any advantage to the public, I will next year
 ‘ trouble you with such occurrences as I shall meet with
 ‘ in other parts of England. For I am inform’d there
 ‘ are greater curiosities in the northern circuit than
 ‘ in the western; and that a fashion makes its progress
 ‘ much slower into Cumberland than into Cornwall.
 ‘ I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk
 ‘ arriv’d but two months ago at Newcastle, and that
 ‘ there are several Commodore in those parts which
 ‘ are worth taking a journey thither to see.’

Monday,

Monday, July 30, 1711.

Semperque recentes

Convellere juvat praeda, & vivere capto.

Virg. *Æn.* vii. 748.

"A plundering race, still eager to invade,
"On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade."

AS I was yesterday riding out in the field with my friend Sir Roger, we saw, at a little distance from us, a troop of Gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge, says Sir Roger, they are sure to have it; if a hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey: our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be, whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old

* No. 130.

Y 2

gipsy

gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them; the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so intirely new to me, told me, that if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rode up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty maid in a corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend, Sir Roger, alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried pish, and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, She was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. Ah, master, says the gipsy, that roguish leer of your's makes a pretty woman's heart ake; you have not that simper about the mouth for nothing.—The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies

gipsies now and then foretold very strange things ; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good-humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked ; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my readers with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my Paper with a story, which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. * As the *Trekfchuyt*, or Hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in ; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon further examination that he was stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds ; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart

* had

‘ had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him
 ‘ The lad was very well-pleased to find a father
 ‘ was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate:
 ‘ the father on the other hand was not a little delight-
 ‘ ed to see a son return to him, whom he had given
 ‘ for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharp-
 ‘ ness of understanding, and skill in languages.’ Here
 the printed story leaves off: but if I may give credit
 to reports, our linguist having received such extraor-
 dinary rudiments towards a good education, was after-
 wards trained up in every thing that becomes a gentle-
 man; wearing off by little and little all the vicious ha-
 bits and practices that he had been used to in the
 course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said, that he
 has since been employed in foreign courts upon national
 business, with great reputation to himself and honour
 to those who sent him, and that he has visited several
 countries as a public minister, in which he formerly
 wandered as a gipsy.

Tuesday, July 31, 1711*.

——— *Ipse rursum concedite sylvæ.*

Virg. Ecl. x. 63.

“Once more, ye woods, adieu.”

IT is usual for a man who loves country sports to
 preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert
 himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My
 friend, Sir Roger, generally goes two or three miles
 from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate,
 before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge,
 on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always
 sure of finding diversion, when the worst comes to the
 worst. By this means the breed about his house has
 time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is
 the more agreeable where the game is the harder to

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come

come at, and does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring any thing to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of old creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character: my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will. Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and some of them, hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here call a white witch.

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and

and is not of Sir Roger's party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbour a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing because he is out of place. Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and halloo, and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them, "That it is my way, and that I am only a philosopher: but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing."

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company, with all the privileges of solitude. In the mean while, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural Speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will. Honeycomb, who has not
lived

lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

‘ Dear SPEC,

‘ I Suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have however orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us curfedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will. Wimble. Pr’ythee do not send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy Speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger’s dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother’s son of us commonwealth’s-men.

‘ Dear SPEC,

‘ thine eternally,

‘ WILL. HONEYCOMB.’

Saturday, August 4, 1711*.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia—

Hor. 1. Sat. x. 9.

“ Let brevity dispatch the rapid thought.”

I Have somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my

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own

own part, I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons, I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my Speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries: as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors: for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as possible.

This humour shews itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of all by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tuneable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string-music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other languages are like the notes of wind-instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation: as it generally happens in most of our long

long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for dispatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as Liberty, Conspiracy, Theatre, Orator, &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing, in one syllable, the termination of our præterperfect tense, as in these words, "drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd," for "drowned, walked, arrived," which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in ed, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in eth, by substituting an s in the room of the last syllable, as in "drowns, walks, arrives," and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were "drowneth, walketh, arriveth." This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that hissing in our language, which is taken so much notice of by foreigners; but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the his or her of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some

measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as "mayn't, can't, shan't, won't," and the like, for "may not, can not, shall not, will not," &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in "mob. rep. pos. incog." and the like: and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these, that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras's doggerel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable, *Nick* in Italian is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in French *Janot*; and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they*, at their mercy, whether

whether they may have admission or not; and will never be decided until we have something like an Academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages shall settle all controversies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shews the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shewn by many instances; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shews itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language; and the blunt, honest humour of the Germans, sounds better in the roughness of the High-Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue.

Saturday, September 1, 1711*.

—*Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, & humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam*— Virg. Æn. ii. 604.

“The cloud which, intercepting the clear light,
“Hangs o’er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
“I will remove”——

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one intitled, The *Visions* of Mirza, which I have read over with great pleasure.

* No. 159.

pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard,

I fell

' I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

' He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is Human Life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging off each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it: and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they
' fell

‘ fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

‘ There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

‘ I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

‘ The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the Ge-

nus;

'nious, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life.

'I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect: Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest

'coverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even
 'thine imagination can extend itself. These are the
 'mansions of good men after death, who according to
 'the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled,
 'are distributed among these several islands, which
 'abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees,
 'suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who
 'are settled in them; every island is a paradise accom-
 'modated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these,
 'O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does
 'life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of
 'earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that
 'will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think
 'not man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity
 'reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible plea-
 'sure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew
 'me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under
 'those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other
 'side of the rock of adamant. The Genius making
 'me no answer, I turned about to address myself to
 'him a second time, but I found that he had left
 'me: I then turned again to the vision which I had
 'been so long contemplating; but instead of the rol-
 'ling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands,
 'I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat,
 'with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides
 'of it.'

The End of the first Vision of Mirzah.

Monday,

Monday September 3, 1711*.

—Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis huius honorem.

Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 43.

"On him confer the Poet's sacred name,
"Whose lofty voice declares the heavenly flame."

THERE is no character more frequently given to a writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little sonneteer called a *fine genius*. There is not a heroic scribbler in the nation that has not his admirers who think him a *great genius*; and as for your smatterers in tragedy, there is scarce a man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious genius*.

My design in this Paper is to consider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw some thoughts together on so uncommon a subject.

Among great Geniuses those few draw the admiration of all the world upon them, and stand up as the prodigies of mankind, who by the mere strength of natural parts, and without any assistance of art or learning, have produced works that were the delight of their own times, and the wonder of posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural Geniuses, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the turn and polishing of what the French call a *Bel Esprit*, by which they would express a Genius refined by conversation, reflection, and the reading of the most polite authors. The greatest Genius which runs through the arts and sciences, takes a kind of tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into imitation.

Many of these great natural Geniuses that were never disciplined and broken by rules of art, are to be

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found

found among the ancients, and in particular among those of the more eastern parts of the world. Homer has innumerable flights that Virgil was not able to reach; and in the Old Testament we find several passages more elevated and sublime than any in Homer. At the same time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we must own that the greatest of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much above the nicety and correctness of the moderns. In their similitudes and allusions, provided there was a likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison: thus Solomon resembles the Nose of his beloved to the Tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damascus; as the coming of a thief in the night is a similitude of the same kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make collections of this nature; Homer illustrates one of his heroes encompassed with the enemy, by an Ass in a field of corn that has his sides belaboured by all the boys of the village without stirring a foot for it: and another of them tossing to and fro in his bed and burning with resentment, to a piece of flesh broiled on the coals. This particular failure in the Ancients opens a large field of raillery to the little wits, who can laugh at an indecency but not relish the sublime in these sort of writings. The present emperor of Persia, conformable to this eastern way of thinking, amidst a great many pompous titles, denominates himself *the Sun of Glory*, and *the Nutmeg of Delights*. In short, to cut off all cavilling against the Ancients, and particularly those of the warmer climates, who had most heat and life in their imaginations, we are to consider that the rule of observing what the French call the *Bienfaisance* in an allusion, has been found out of later years, and in the colder regions of the world; where we would make some amends for our want of force and spirit, by a scrupulous nicety and exactness in our compositions. Our countryman Shakespear was a remarkable instance of this first kind of great Geniuses.

I cannot quit this head without observing that Pindar was a great Genius of the first class, who was hurried

fied on by a natural fire and impetuosity to vast conceptions of things and noble fallies of imagination. At the same time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for men of a sober and moderate fancy to imitate this poet's way of writing in those monstrous compositions which go among us under the name of Pindarics? When I see people copying words, which, as Horace has represented them, are singular in their kind, and inimitable; when I see men following irregularities by rule, and by the little tricks of art straining after the most unbounded flights of nature, I cannot but apply to them that passage in Terence:

—*Incerta hac si tu postules
Ratione certis facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.*

Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

“You may as well pretend to be mad and in your senses at the same time, as to think of reducing these uncertain things to any certainty by reason.”

In short, a modern Pindaric writer, compared with Pindar, is like a sister among the Camisars † compared with Virgil's Sibyl: There is the distortion, grimace, and outward figure, but nothing of that divine impulse which raises the mind above itself, and makes the sounds more than human.

There is another kind of great Geniuses which I shall place in a second class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake, as they are of a different kind. This second class of great Geniuses are those that have formed themselves by rules, and submitted the greatness of their natural talents to the corrections and restraints of art. Such among the Greeks were Plato and Aristotle; among the Romans, Virgil and Tully; among the English, Milton and Sir Francis Bacon.

The Genius in both these classes of authors may be equally

† A set of Enthusiasts who came from France into England about the year 1707.

equally great, but shews itself after a different manner. In the first it is like a rich soil in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderness of noble plants rising in a thousand beautiful landscapes, without any certain order or regularity. In the other it is the same rich soil under the same happy climate, that has been laid out in walks and parterres, and cut into shape and beauty by the skill of the gardener.

The great danger in these latter kind of Geniuses, is, lest they cramp their own abilities too much by imitation, and form themselves altogether upon models, without giving the full play to their own natural parts. An imitation of the best authors is not to compare with a good original; and I believe we may observe that very few writers make an extraordinary figure in the world, who have not something in their way of thinking or expressing themselves, that is peculiar to them, and intirely their own.

It is odd to consider what great Geniuses are sometimes thrown away upon trifles.

I once saw a shepherd, says a famous Italian author, who used to divert himself in his solitudes with tossing up eggs and catching them again without breaking them; in which he had arrived to so great a degree of perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for several minutes together playing in the air, and falling into his hand by turns. I think, says the author, I never saw a greater severity than in this man's face; for by his wonderful perseverance and application, he had contracted the seriousness and gravity of a privy-counsellor; and I could not but reflect with myself, that the same assiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater mathematician than Archimedes.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, September 5, 1711*.

*Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incæpto procefferit, & sibi conslet.*

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 126.

“Keep one consistent plan from end to end.”

NOTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as Inconstancy, especially when it regards religion or party. In either of these cases, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great articles of life, therefore, a man's conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly advantages may seem to have no share in it, or mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change sides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper or prospects of interest. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the world see they act upon honourable motives; or whatever approbations they may receive from themselves, and applauses from these they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the scorn of all good men, and the public marks of infamy and derision.

Irresolution in the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and Inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness. When ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill who has so many different parties to please. When the mind hovers among such a variety of allurements, one had better settle on a way of life that

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is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our choice, and go out of the world as the greatest part of mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one method of setting ourselves at rest in this particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great end as the chief and ultimate aim of all our pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of reason, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal design, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure; but if we act by several broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.

One would take more than ordinary care to guard one's self against this particular imperfection, because it is that which our nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine ourselves thoroughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable beings in the universe. In respect of our understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same opinions; whereas beings above and beneath us have probably no opinions at all, or at least no wavering and uncertainties in those they have. Our superiors are guided by intuition and our inferiors by instinct. In respect of our wills, we fall into crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole life in offending and asking pardon. On the contrary, the beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the possibilities of duty, and the other fixed in *an eternal course of sin*, or an eternal course of virtue.

There is scarce a state of life, or stage in it, which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our schemes of thought in infancy are lost in those of youth; these too take a different turn in manhood, until old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title or an unexpected success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys
our

our identity. A cloudy day, or a little sunshine, have as great an influence on many constitutions, as the most real blessings or misfortunes. A dream varies our beings, and changes our condition while it lasts; and every passion, not to mention health and sickness, and the greater alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almost different creatures. If a man is so distinguished among other beings by this infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it, even among their own species? It is a very trifling character to be one of the most variable beings of the most variable kind, especially if we consider that he who is the great standard of perfection has in him no shadow of change, but "is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

As this mutability of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature, so it makes the person who is remarkable for it in a very particular manner more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatsoever, it sets him in a greater variety of foolish lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an opposition of party-coloured characters. The most humourous character in Horace is founded upon this unevenness of temper and irregularity of conduct.

—Sardus habebat

*Ille Tigellius hoc : Caesar, qui cogere posset,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret : Si collibisset, ab ovo
Usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche, modo summa
Voce, modo hac, resonat quæ chærdis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi : Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem : Persæpe velut qui
Junonis sacra ferret : Habebat sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem servos : Modo rages atque retrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens : Modo sit mihi mensa tripes, &
Conchas salis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
Nil erat in oculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Mane : Diem totum stertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi — Hor. Sat. iii.*

VOL. II.

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Instead

Instead of translating this passage in Horace, I shall entertain my English reader with the description of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr Dryden, and raised upon the same foundation.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand :
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;
 Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking :
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !

Thursday, September 6, 1711*.

—*Si quid ego adjuero, curamve levassô,
 Quæ nunc te coquit, & versat sub pectore fixa,
 Ecquid erit pretii ?* Enn. apud Tullium.

“ Say, will you thank me if I bring you rest,
 “ And ease the torture of your labouring breast ?”

ENQUIRIES after happiness, and rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind as the arts of Consolation, and supporting one's self under affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this world is Contentment ; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happiness that is dispersed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the possession of

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any single man, it would not make a very happy being. Though, on the contrary, if the miseries of the whole species were fixed in a single person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this subject by the following letter, which, though subscribed by a fictitious name, I have reason to believe is not imaginary.

‘ Mr SPECTATOR,

‘ I AM one of your disciples, and endeavour to live up to your rules, which I hope will incline you to pity my condition: I shall open it to you in a very few words. About three years since, a gentleman, whom, I am sure, you yourself would have approved, made his addresses to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an estate, so that my friends, who all of them applauded his person, would not for the sake of both of us favour his passion. For my own part, I resigned myself up entirely to the direction of those who knew the world much better than myself, but still lived in hope that some juncture or other would make me happy in the man, whom, in my heart, I preferred to all the world; being determined, if I could not have him, to have no body else. About three months ago I received a letter from him, acquainting me, that by the death of an uncle he had a considerable estate left him, which he said was welcome to him upon no other account, but as he hoped it would remove all difficulties that lay in the way to our mutual happiness. You may well suppose, Sir, with how much joy I received this letter, which was followed by several others filled with those expressions of love and joy, which I verily believe no body felt more sincerely, nor knew better how to describe, than the gentleman I am speaking of. But, Sir, how shall I be able to tell it you! by the last week’s post I received a letter from an intimate friend of this unhappy gentleman, acquainting me, that as he had just settled his affairs, and was preparing for his journey, he fell sick of a fever and died. It is impossible to express

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to you the distress I am in upon this occasion. I can only have recourse to my devotions, and to the reading of good books for my consolation; and as I always take a particular delight in those frequent advices and admonitions which you give the public, it would be a very great piece of charity in you to lend me your assistance in this conjuncture. If after the reading of this letter you find yourself in a humour, rather to rally and ridicule, than to comfort me, I desire you would throw it into the fire, and think no more of it; but if you are touched with my misfortune, which is greater than I know how to bear, your counsels may very much support, and will infinitely oblige the afflicted

‘LEONORA.’

A disappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other: the passion itself so softens and subdues the heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the woes and distresses which befall it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole strength; she stands collected within herself, and sustains the shock with all the force which is natural to her, but a heart in love has its foundation sapped, and immediately sinks under the weight of accidents that are disagreeable to its favourite passion.

In afflictions men generally draw their consolations out of books of morality, which indeed are of great use to fortify and strengthen the mind against the impressions of sorrow. Monsieur St Evremont, who does not approve of this method, recommends authors who are apt to stir up mirth in the mind of the readers, and fancies Don Quixote can give more relief to a heavy heart than Plutarch or Seneca, as it is much easier to divert grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its effects on some tempers. I should rather have recourse to authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us instances of calamities and misfortunes, and shew human nature in its greatest distresses.

If the afflictions we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some consolation in the society of as great sufferers as ourselves, especially when we find our

com-

companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the comparison we make between ourselves and our fellow-sufferers. A loss at sea, a fit of sickness, or the death of a friend, are such trifles, when we consider whole kingdoms laid in ashes, families put to the sword, wretches shut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own weakness, if we sink under such little strokes of fortune.

Let the disconsolate Leonora consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the loss of her deceased lover, there are persons in several parts of the world just perishing in shipwreck; others crying out for mercy in the terrors of a death-bed repentance: others lying under the tortures of an infamous execution, or the like dreadful calamities; and she will find her sorrows vanish at the appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would further propose to the consideration of my afflicted disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest misfortune, is not really such in itself. For my own part, I question not but our souls in a separate state will look back on their lives in quite another view, than what they had of them in the body; and that what they now consider as misfortunes and disappointments, will very often appear to have been escapes and blessings.

The mind that hath any cast towards devotion, naturally flies to it in its afflictions.

When I was in France I heard a very remarkable story of two lovers, which I shall relate at length in my to-morrow's Paper, not only because the circumstances of it are extraordinary, but because it may serve as an illustration to all that can be said on this last head, and shew the power of religion in abating that particular anguish which seems to lie so heavy on Leonora. The story was told me by a priest, as I travelled with him in a stage-coach. I shall give it my reader as well as I can remember in his own words, after having premised, that if consolations may be drawn from a wrong religion and a misguided devotion, they cannot

cannot but flow much more naturally from those which are founded upon reason, and established in good sense.

Friday, September 7, 1711*.

*Illa, quis & me, inquit, miseram, & te perdidit, Orpheu ?
Jamque vale : seror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasq; tibi tendens, heu ! non tua, palmas.*

Virg. iv. Georg. 494.

" Then thus the bride : What fury seiz'd on thee,
" Unhappy man ! to lose thyself and me ?
" And now farewell ! involv'd in shades of night,
" For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight :
" In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
" In sweet embraces, ah ! no longer thine."

DRYDEN.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her ; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression on her heart as it was impossible for time to efface. He was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship

* No. 164.

between

between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, in so much that he forbid him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was overawed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to Constantia.

‘THE thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another’s? The streams, the fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

‘THEODOSIUS.’

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it, and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father’s house, one after another,

another, to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accused herself of having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius. In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that, after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life: and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the Fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the Order, with a private vow never to inquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the Prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The Father could not forbear

weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disaffected, and upon receiving this instance of an unparelled fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—to tell her that her sins were forgiven her—that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction
in

in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her novice and Father Francis; from whom she now delivered to her the following letter:—

AS the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the father, to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its disappointment than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

FRANCIS.

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, says she, Theodosius is still in being; I shall live with comfort, and die in peace.

The letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and

among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the Abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure. And now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it—She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purpose:—

“Here lie the bodies of Father Francis and Sister Constance. They were lovely in their lives and in their death they were not divided.”

Saturday, September 8, 1711*.

*Si forte necesse est,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget; dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.*

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 43.

“If you would unheard-of things express,
Invent new words; we can indulge a muse,
Until the license rise to an abuse.” CREECH.

I Have often wished, that as in our constitution there are several persons whose business is to watch over our laws, our liberties and commerce, certain men might be set apart as Superintendants of our Language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from passing

* No. 165. among

among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phrases from becoming current in this kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable. The present war has so adulterated our tongue with strange words, that it would be impossible for one of our great grandfathers to know what his posterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern news-paper. Our warriors are very industrious in propagating the French language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their power. Our soldiers are men of strong heads for action, and perform such feats as they are not able to express. They want words in their own tongue to tell us what it is they achieve, and therefore send us over accounts of their performances in a jargon of phrases, which they learn among their conquered enemies. They ought however to be provided with secretaries, and assisted by our foreign ministers, to tell their story for them in plain English, and to let us know in our mother-tongue what it is our brave countrymen are about. The French would indeed be in the right to publish the news of the present war in English phrases, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms, and thrown into shades and obscurity; but the English cannot be too clear in their narrative of those actions, which have raised their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a siege is carried on two or three days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable difficulties, that I scarce know what side has the better of it, until I am informed by the tower guns that the place is surrendered. I do indeed make some allowances for this part of the war, fortifications having been foreign inventions, and upon that account abounding in foreign terms. But when we have won battles which may be described in our own language, why are our papers filled

filled with so many unintelligible exploits, and the French obliged to lend us a part of their tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They must be made accessory to their own disgrace, as the Britons were formerly so artificially wrought in the curtain of the Roman theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the spectators an opportunity of seeing their own defeat celebrated upon the stage: for so Mr Dryden has translated that verse in Virgil,

Purpurea intexti tollunt auleas Britanni,

Georg. iii. 25.

Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
And shew the triumph that their shame displays.

The histories of all our former wars are transmitted to us in our vernacular idiom, to use the phrase of a great modern critic. I do not find in any of our chronicles, that Edward the third ever *reconnoitred* the enemy, though he often discovered the posture of the French, and as often vanquished them in battle. The Black Prince passed many a river without the help of pontoons, and filled a ditch with faggots as successfully as the generals of our times do it with fascines. Our commanders lose half their praise, and our people half their joy, by means of those hard words and dark expressions in which our newspapers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent citizen, after having read every article, inquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable year when our country was delivered from the greatest fears and apprehensions, and raised to the greatest height of gladness it had ever felt since it was a nation, I mean the year of Blenheim, I had the copy of a letter sent me out of the country, which was written from a young gentleman in the army to his father, a man of good estate and plain sense. As the letter was very modestly chequered with this modern military eloquence, I shall present my reader with a copy of it.

SIR,

SIR,

UPON the junction of the French and Bavarian armies they took post behind a great morass which they thought impracticable. Our general next day sent a party of horse to reconnoitre them from a little hauteur, at about a quarter of an hour's distance from the army, who returned again to the camp unobserved through several defiles, in one of which they met with a party of French that had been marauding, and made them all prisoners at discretion. The day after a Drum arrived at our camp, with a message which he would communicate to none but the general; he was followed by a Trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a message from the duke of Bavaria. The next morning our army being divided into two Corps, made a movement towards the enemy. You will hear in the public prints how we treated them, with the other circumstances of that glorious day. I had the good fortune to be in that regiment that pushed the Gens d'Armes. Several French battalions, which some say were a Corps de Reserve, made a shew of resistance; but it only proved a Gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Fosse, in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, and sent us Charte Blanche. Their Commandant, with a great many other general officers, and troops without number, are made prisoners of war, and will I believe give you a visit in England, the Cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but these particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful son, &c.

The father of the young gentleman, upon the perusal of the letter, found it contained great news, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the curate of the parish, who, upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a passion, and told him, that his son had sent him a letter that was neither

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SIR,

ther fish, flesh, nor good red-herring. I wish, says he, the captain may be *Compos Mentis*, he talks of a saucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries messages; then who is this *Charte Blanche*? He must either banter us, or he is out of his senses. The father, who always looked upon the curate as a learned man, began to fret inwardly at his son's usage, and producing a letter which he had written to him about three posts before, You see here, says he, when he writes for money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no man in England can express himself clearer, when he wants a new furniture for his horse. In short, the old man was so puzzled upon the point, that it might have fared ill with his son, had he not seen all the Prints about three days after filled with the same terms of art, and that Charles only *writ* like other men.

Monday, September 16, 1711*.

*Quid nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

Ovid. Met. xv. 871.

“Which nor dreads the rage
Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age.”

L. WELSTED.

ARISTOTLE tells us that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas, which are in the mind of the first Being; and that those ideas, which are in the mind of man, are a transcript of the world. To this we may add, that words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing are the transcript of words.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his ideas in the creation, men express their ideas in books, which by this great invention of these latter ages may last as long as the sun and

* No. 166.

moon

moon, and perish only in the general wreck of nature. Thus Cowley, in his Poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the destruction of the universe, has those admirable lines:

Now all the wide extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die.

There is no other method of fixing those thoughts which arise and disappear in the mind of man, and transmitting them to the last periods of time; no other method of giving a permanency to our ideas, and preserving the knowledge of any particular person, when his body is mixed with the common mass of matter, and his soul retired into the world of spirits. Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other arts of perpetuating our ideas continue but a short time. Statues can last but a few thousands of years, edifices fewer, and colours still fewer than edifices. Michael Angelo, Fontana, and Raphael, will hereafter be what Phidias, Vitruvius, and Apelles are at present; the names of great statuary, architects, and painters, whose works are lost. The several arts are expressed in mouldering materials. Nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the ideas which are imprest upon it.

The circumstance which gives authors an advantage above all these great masters, is this, that they can multiply their originals; or rather can make copies of their works to what number they please, which shall be as valuable as the originals themselves. This gives a great Author something like a prospect of eternity, but at the same time deprives him of those other advantages which artists meet with. The artist finds greater returns in profit, as the Author in fame. What an inestimable price would a Virgil or a Homer, a Cicero, or an Aristotle bear, were their works, like a

statue, a building, or a picture, to be confined only in one place, and made the property of a single person!

If Writings are thus durable, and may pass from age to age throughout the whole course of time, how careful should an Author be of committing any thing to print that may corrupt posterity, and poison the minds of men with vice and error! Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and seasoning vicious sentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind. They leave books behind them (as it is said of those who die in distempers which breed an ill-will towards their own species) to scatter infection and destroy their posterity. They act the counter-parts of a Confucius or a Socrates; and seem to have been sent into the world to deprave human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality.

I have seen some Roman-Catholic Authors who tell us, that vicious writers continue in Purgatory so long as the influence of their writings continue upon posterity: for Purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our sins, which cannot be said to be done away so long as they continue to operate and corrupt mankind. The vicious Author, say they, sins after death; and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Though the Roman-Catholic notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think, that if the soul after death has any knowledge of what passes in this world, that of an immortal writer would receive much more regret from the sense of corrupting, than satisfaction from the thought of pleasing his surviving admirers.

To take off from the severity of this Speculation, I shall conclude this paper with a story of an atheistical author, who at a time he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the assistance of a neighbouring curate, confessed to him with great contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his heart than the sense of his having seduced the age by his writings, and that their evil influence

was

was likely to continue even after his death. The curate upon farther examination finding the penitent in the utmost agonies of despair, and being himself a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The penitent still urged the evil tendency of his book to subvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whose writings would continue to do mischief when his body was laid in ashes. The curate, finding no other way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil design with which he published his book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt: that his cause was so very bad, and his arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects of it; in short, that he might rest satisfied his book could do no more mischief after his death than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his farther satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular friends and acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any body after his death would ever inquire after it. The dying man had still so much the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and, without answering the good man, asked his friends about him (with a peevishness that is natural to a sick person) where they had picked up such a blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition? The curate finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a short admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the sickness grew desperate. The author however recovered, and has since written two or three other tracts with the same spirit, and, very luckily for his poor soul, with the same success.

D d 2

Thursday,

Thursday, September 13, 1711*.

*Sic vita erat: facile omnes preferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis; adversus nemini;
Nunquam proponens se aliis: Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.*

Ter. Andr. Act 1. Sc. 1.

“His manner of life was this: to bear with every body’s
“humours; to comply with the inclinations and pur-
“suits of those he conversed with; to contradict no
“body; never to assume a superiority over others. This
“is the ready way to gain applause, without exciting
“envy.”

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man’s natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of Good-nature, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day’s Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shews virtue in the

* No. 169. fairest

fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without Good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason, mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word Good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of Good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the Philanthropy or Good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to inshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered

entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated passage of Salust, where Cæsar and Cato are placed in such beautiful, but opposite lights, Cæsar's character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it shewed itself in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his servants or dependents, the guilty or the distressed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid, severe temper in a worthless man.

This part of Good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves justice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for in the public administrations of justice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a maxim, that Good-natured men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest Wits I have conversed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons. First, because Ill-nature among ordinary observers passes for Wit. A spiteful saying gratifies so many little passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh rises upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd satirist. This may be one reason why a great many pleasant companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print; the public being more just than private clubs or assemblies, in distinguishing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

Another

Another reason why the Good-natured Man may sometimes bring his wit in question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with compassion for those misfortunes or infirmities which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himself a larger field to expatiate in; he exposes those failings in human nature which the other would cast a veil over, laughs at vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, exposes the person who has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his character of a Wit. It is no wonder, therefore, he succeeds in it better than the man of humanity, as a person who makes use of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader.

Friday, September 14, 1711^o.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuria,

Suspiciones, inimicitia, inducia,

Bellum, pax rursum——

Ter. Eun. A& i. Sc. 1.

“ In love are all these ills: suspicions, quarrels,

“ Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again.”

COLMAN.

UPON looking over the letters of my female correspondents, I find several from women complaining of Jealous Husbands, and at the same time protesting their own innocence, and desiring my advice on this occasion. I shall therefore take this subject into my consideration; and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of Halifax, who, in his “ Advice to a Daughter,” has instructed a wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a cho-

No. 170.

a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly husband, has not spoken one word of a Jealous Husband.

“Jealousy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves.” Now, because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicions. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side; so that his inquiries are most successful when they discover nothing. His pleasure arises from his disappointments, and his life is spent in pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a strong ingredient in this passion; for the same affection which stirs up the jealous man's desires, and gives the party beloved so beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same passion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary love, it is of so delicate a nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal return of love. Not the warmest expressions of affection, the softest and most tender hypocrisy, are able to give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the affection is real and the satisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves. He would be the only pleasure of her senses, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes delight in, besides himself.

Phædra's request to his mistress, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sis:

Dies noctesque me ames: me desideres:

Me somniet: me expectes: de me cogites:

Me

Me speres : me te oblectes : mecum tota sis :
Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego sum tuus.

Ter. Eun. Act i. Sc. 2.

- " Be with yon soldier present, as if absent :
- " All night and day love me : still long for me :
- " Dream, ponder still on me : wish, hope for me :
- " Delight in me : be all in all with me :
- " Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to me."

COLMAN.

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nourishment. A cool behaviour sets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference ; a fond one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be chearful, her thoughts must be employed on another : and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no word or gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery : so that if we consider the effects of this passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred than an excessive love ; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

But the great unhappiness of this passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is so solicitous to engross ; and that for these two reasons, because it lays too great a constraint on the words and actions of the suspected person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable opinion of her ; both of which are strong motives to aversion.

Nor is this the worst effect of jealousy ; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of consequences, and makes the person you suspect guilty of the very crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, con-

dole their sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and assuage their secret resentments. Besides, jealousy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the pleasure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the considerations that directed the wise-man in his advice to husbands; "Be not jealous over the wife of thy bosom, and teach her not an evil lesson against thyself."

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the person who provoked their jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the mixtures of suspicion which choked and smothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character rise uppermost in the jealous husband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill usage of so divine a creature as was once in his possession; whilst all the little imperfections, that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that jealousy takes the deepest root in men of amorous dispositions; and of these we may find three kinds who are most over-run with it.

The First are those who are conscious to themselves of an infirmity, whether it be weakness, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men are so well acquainted with the unamiable part of themselves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons.

They

They grow suspicious on their first looking in a glass, and are stung with jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle. A handsome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second sort of men, who are most liable to this passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined a thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new senses and significations to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward show and appearances for hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things, than these great refiners upon incidents, who are so wonderful subtle and over-wise in their conceptions.

Now, what these men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have seen the poor husband so misled by tricks and artifices, and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they still suspect an under-plot in every female action; and especially where they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same design in both. These men, therefore, bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chase, to be flung off by any false steps or doubles. Besides, their acquaintance and conversation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womankind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon

the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private experience, they can get over these prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of some Women; yet their own loose desires will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them believe all Men subject to the same inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern histories of America, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealousy is no northern passion, but rages most in those nations that lie nearest the influence of the sun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropics; for there lie the hottest regions of jealousy, which as you come northward cools all along with the climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the violence of this passion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the sun in their constitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealousy, and the persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt. Besides, she has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love in Jealousy as is well worth the separating. But this shall be the subject of another Paper.

Saturday,

Saturday, September 15, 1711*.

Credula res amor est ——— Ovid. Met. vii. 826.

"Love is a credulous passion."

HAVING in my yesterday's Paper discovered the nature of Jealousy, and pointed out the persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to my fair correspondents, who desire to live well with a Jealous Husband, and to ease his mind of its unjust suspicions.

The First Rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the Jealous Man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications, he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a satire on himself out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the person, but to direct the character; and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The commendation of any thing in another stirs up his Jealousy, as it shews you have a value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that, which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by Horace in his ode to Lydia:

*Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, & circa Telephi
Laudas brachia, ve meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certa sede manet; humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.* 1 Od. xiii. 1.
* No. 171. "When

" When Telephus his youthful charms;
 " His rosy neck and winding arms,
 " With endless rapture you recite,
 " And in the pleasing name delight;
 " My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
 " With numberless resentments beats;
 " From my pale cheek the colour flies,
 " And all the man within me dies:
 " By turns my hidden grief appears
 " In rising sighs and falling tears,
 " That show too well the warm desires,
 " The silent, slow, consuming fires,
 " Which on my inmost vitals prey,
 " And melt my very soul away."

The Jealous Man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm which he believes has power to raise it; and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or sullen, you must not be so much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting; if his beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation with him, and to let in light upon your actions, to unravel all your designs, and discover every secret, however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers, and if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confidant, and where he finds himself kept out of
a se-

a secret; will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the character of your sincerity uniform and of a-piece: for if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and turns off with it into several remote consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery.

If both these methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the disquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aching heart, and triumph in their charms which are able to excite so much uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.

Juv. Sat. vi. 208.

“Tho’ equal pains her peace of mind destroy,
“A lover’s torments give her spiteful joy.”

But these often carry the humour so far, till their affected coldness and indifference quite kills all the fondness of a lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and scorn that is due to so insolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected carriage, the usual effects of injured innocence, may soften the jealous husband into pity, make him sensible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all those fears and suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a weakness, and will, therefore, hide it from your knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill effect it may produce, in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There

There is still another secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practised by women of greater cunning than virtue. This is to change sides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own passion upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himself hath set you. This counterfeited jealousy will bring him a great deal of pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this passion, and will besides feel something like the satisfaction of a revenge in seeing you undergo all his own tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice so difficult, and at the same time so disingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by such as have skill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this essay with the story of Herod and Mariamne, as I have collected it out of Josephus; which may serve almost as an example to whatever can be said on this subject.

Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth could give a woman, and Herod all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for Mariamne, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to Mark Antony, who immediately summoned Herod into Egypt, to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. Herod attributed the summons to Antony's desire of Mariamne, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle Joseph, with private orders to put her to death if any such violence was offered to himself. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne's conversation, and endeavoured, with all his art and rhetoric, to set out the excess of Herod's passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain instance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to Joseph's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her.

This

This barbarous instance of a wild unreasonable passion quite put out, for a time, those little remains of affection she still had for her lord. Her thoughts were so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him, in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. Herod was at length acquitted and dismissed by Mark Antony, when his soul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with her in his absence. This therefore was the first discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy; when amidst all his sighs and languishings, she asked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle Joseph were an instance of such an inflamed affection? The jealous king was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her before he would have discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare Mariamne.

After this he was forced on a second journey into Egypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel him. In the mean while Mariamne so won upon Sohemus, by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him, with which Herod had intrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certain-

ly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him; Mariamne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack; who, in the extremity of his tortures, confessed, that his mistress's aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Joseph had before him on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges had her publicly condemned and executed. Herod soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, September 18, 1711*.

*Remove fera monstra, tuæque
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusa.*

Ovid. Met. v. 216.

"Hence with those monstrous features, and O! spare
That Gorgon's look, and petrifying stare." P.

IN a late paper I mentioned the project of an ingenious author for erecting of several handicraft prizes to be contended for by our British artisans, and the influence they might have towards the improvement of our several manufactures. I have since that been very much surpris'd with the following advertisement which I find in the Post-boy of the 11th instant, and again repeated in the Post-boy of the 15th.

ON the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill-Heath in Warwickshire, a plate of x guineas value, three heats, by any horse, mare, or gelding that hath not won above the value of 5l. the winning horse to be sold for 10l. to carry 10 stone weight, if 14 hands high; if above or under to carry or to be allowed weight for inches, and to be entered Friday the 15th at the Swan in Coleshill, before six in the evening. Also a plate of less value to be run for by asses. The same day a gold ring to be grinn'd for by men.

The first of these diversions that is to be exhibited by the 10l. Race-Horses, may probably have its use; but the two last in which the asses and men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep running asses at Coleshill, or how making mouths turns to account in Warwickshire, more than in any other parts of England, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic games, and do not find any thing in them like

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an ass-race, or a match at grinning. However it be, I am informed that several asses are now kept in body-clothes, and sweated every morning upon the heath, and that all the country-fellows within ten miles of the Swan, grin an hour or two in their glasses every morning, in order to qualify themselves for the ninth of October. The prize, which is proposed to be grined for, has raised such an ambition among the common people of out-grinning one another, that many very discerning persons are afraid it should spoil most of the faces in the country; and that a Warwickshire-man will be known by his grin, as Roman Catholics imagine a Kentishman is by his tail. The gold ring which is made the prize of deformity, is just the reverse of the golden apple that was formerly made the prize of beauty, and should carry for its posy the old motto inverted,

Detur tetrioni.

Or to accommodate it to the capacity of the combatants,

The frightfull'st grinner
Be the winner.

In the mean while I would advise a Dutch painter to be present at this great controversy of faces, in order to make a collection of the most remarkable grins that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an account which I lately received of one of these grinning-matches from a gentleman, who upon reading the above-mentioned advertisement, entertained the coffee-house with the following narrative: Upon the taking of Namur, amidst other public rejoicings made on that occasion, there was a gold ring given by a whig justice of peace to be grined for. The first competitor that entered the lists, was a black swarthy Frenchman, who accidentally passed that way, and being a man naturally of a withered look, and hard features, promised himself good success. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view; and looking upon the company like Milton's Death,

Grinn'd

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile—

His muscles were so drawn together on each side of his face, that he shewed twenty teeth at a grin, and put the country in some pain, lest a foreigner should carry away the honour of the day; but upon a farther trial they found he was master only of the merry grin.

The next that mounted a table was a mal-content in those days, and a great master in the whole art of grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry grin. He did his part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen women miscarry; but the justice being apprised by one who stood near him, that the fellow who grinned in his face was a Jacobite, and being unwilling that a disaffected person should win the gold ring and be looked upon as the best grinner in the country, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table, which the grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified person. There were several other grotesque figures that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a plowman, who lived in the farther part of the country, and being very lucky in a pair of long lanthorn jaws, wrung his face into such a hideous grimace, that every feature of it appeared under a different distortion. The whole company stood astonished at such a complicated grin, and were ready to assign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his antagonists, that he had practised with verjuice for some days before, and had a crab found upon him at the very time of grinning; upon which the best judges of grinning declared it as their opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a cheat.

The prize, it seems, fell at length upon a cobbler, Giles Gorgon by name, who produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last. At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance, at the second he became the face of a spout, at the

the third a baboon, at the fourth a head of a bass-viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously; but what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his grins, and the applauses which he received on all sides, that she married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobbler having made use of it as his wedding ring.

This Paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the consideration of those who are the patrons of this monstrous trial of skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an affront to their species, in treating after this manner the HUMAN FACE DIVINE, and turning that part of us, which has so great an image impressed upon it, into the image of a monkey; whether the raising such silly competitions among the ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the common people's heads with such senseless ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and pre-eminence, has not in it something immoral as well as ridiculous.

Saturday, September 22, 1711*.

—*Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?*—

Juv. Sat. xv. 140.

“Who can all sense of other ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.” TATE.

IN one of my last week's Papers I treated of Good-nature, as it is the effect of constitution; I shall now
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speak of it, as it is a moral virtue. The first may make
 a man easy to himself and agreeable to others, but im-
 plies no merit in him that is possessed of it. A man is
 no more to be praised upon this account, than because
 he has a regular pulse, or a good digestion. This
 Good-nature however in the constitution, which Mr.
 Dryden somewhere calls a Milkiness of Blood, is an ad-
 mirable ground-work for the other. In order therefore
 to try our Good-nature, whether it arises from the bo-
 dy or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal
 or rational part of our nature; in a word, whether it
 be such as is intitled to any other reward, besides that
 secret satisfaction and contentment of mind which is
 essential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in
 the world, we must examine it by the following rules.

First, whether it acts with steadiness and uniformity
 in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adver-
 sity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else
 but an irradiation of the mind from some new supply
 of spirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood.
 Sir Francis Bacon mentions a cunning solicitor, who
 would never ask a favour of a great man before din-
 ner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when
 the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and
 his appetites in good humour. Such a transient tem-
 porary Good-nature as this, is not that philanthropy,
 that love of mankind, which deserves the title of a
 moral virtue.

The next way of a man's bringing his Good-nature
 to the test, is, to consider whether it operates accord-
 ing to the rules of reason and duty: for if, notwith-
 standing its general benevolence to mankind, it makes
 no distinction between its objects, if it exerts itself pro-
 miscuously towards the deserving and undeserving, if
 it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives it-
 self up to the first petitioner, and lights upon any one
 rather by accident than choice, it may pass for an ami-
 able instinct, but must not assume the name of a moral
 virtue.

The third trial of Good-nature will be, the examin-
 ing ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to

our own disadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithstanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience which may arise to ourselves from it. In a word, whether we are willing to risk any part of our fortune, our reputation, or health or ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all these expressions of Good-nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general name of Charity, as it consists in relieving the indigent; that being a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost at all times, and in every place.

I should propose it as a rule to every one who is provided with any competency of fortune more than sufficient for the necessities of life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for the use of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to Him who has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom, in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own representatives upon earth. At the same time we should manage our charity with such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations, whilst we are doing good to those who are strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an example than by rule.

Eugenius is a man of an universal Good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but withal so prudent, in the œconomy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. Eugenius has what the world calls two hundred pounds a-year; but never values himself above nine-score, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uses. To this sum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, in so much that in a good year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that sum to the sickly and indigent. Eugenius prescribes to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of charity, and sets aside what would be the current expences of those times for the use of the poor. He often goes a-foot
where

where his business calls him, and at the end of his walk has given a shilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence would have gone for coach-hire, to the first necessitous person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the money which was designed for that purpose, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the street; and afterwards pass his evening in a coffee-house, or at a friend's fire-side, with much greater satisfaction to himself than he could have received from the most exquisite entertainments of the theatre. By these means he is generous, without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his estate by making it the property of others.

There are few men so cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any disadvantage to themselves, or prejudice to their families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a diversion or convenience to the poor, and turning the usual course of our expences into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious piece of charity, which we can put in practice. By this method we in some measure share the necessities of the poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only their patrons, but their fellow-sufferers.

Sir Thomas Brown, in the last part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his charity in several heroic instances, and with a noble heat of sentiments, mentions that verse in the Proverbs of Solomon, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord:"

There is more rhetoric in that one sentence, says he, than in a library of sermons; and indeed if those sentences were understood by the reader, with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epitome.

This passage in scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive; but I think the same thought is carried much farther in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells us in a most pathetic manner, that he shall hereafter

regard the clothing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the visiting of the imprisoned, as offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly. Pursuant to those passages in holy scripture, I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose: What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in sacred writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of several passages which I have always read with great delight in the book of Job. It is the account which that holy man gives of his behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and if considered only as a human composition, is a finer picture of a Charitable and Good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

“ Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: When his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: When the Almighty was yet with me; when my children were about me: When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil.”

“ When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant, or of my maid-servant when they contended with me: What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion

"fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor
 "from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the wi-
 "dow to fail: Or have eaten my morsel myself alone,
 "and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have
 "seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor
 "without covering: If his loins have not blessed me,
 "and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my
 "sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the father-
 "less, when I saw my help in the gate: Then let mine
 "arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be
 "broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the de-
 "struction of him that hated me, or lift up myself
 "when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my
 "mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The
 "stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened
 "my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against
 "me; or that the furrows likewise thereof complain:
 "If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or
 "have caused the owners thereof to lose their life:
 "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle in-
 "stead of barley."

Tuesday, September 25, 1711*.

Centuria seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhannæ.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 341.

"Old age is only fond of moral truth,
 "Lectures too grave disgust aspiring youth;
 "But he who blends instruction with delight,
 "Wins every reader, nor in vain shall write."

P,

I MAY cast my readers under two different divisions,
 the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the
 gay part of my disciples, who require Speculations of

* No. 179.

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wit

wit and humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober turn, who find no pleasure but in Papers of morality and sound sense. The former call every thing that is serious, stupid; the latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my readers would fall off from me; were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out entertainments of both kinds, and by that means consult the good of both, more than I should do did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly reader, who takes up my paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable course of thinking; as, on the contrary, the thoughtful man who perhaps may hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

I must confess, were I left to myself, I should rather aim at instructing than diverting; but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed severity discourage the looser part of mankind from having any thing to do with their writings. A man must have virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a Seneca or an Epictetus. The very title of a moral treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the careless and inconsiderate.

For this reason several unthinking persons fall in my way, who would give no attention to lectures delivered with a religious seriousness or a philosophic gravity. They are insinuated into sentiments of wisdom and virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a degree of consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate discourses, I shall not think my speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the gloominess in which sometimes the minds of the best men are involved;

volved, very often stands in need of such little incitements to mirth and laughter, as are apt to disperse melancholy, and put our faculties in good humour. To which some will add, that the British climate, more than any other, makes entertainments of this nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse the variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly laugh but in order to instruct, or if I sometimes fail in this point, when my mirth ceases to be instructive, it shall never cease to be innocent. A scrupulous conduct in this particular, has, perhaps, more merit in it than the generality of readers imagine; did they know how many thoughts occur in a point of humour, which a discreet author in modesty surpasses; how many strokes of raillery present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary taste of mankind, but are stifled in their birth by reason of some remote tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the minds of those who read them; did they know how many glances of ill-nature are industriously avoided for fear of doing injury to the reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of those writers who endeavour to make themselves diverting, without being immoral. One may apply to these authors that passage in Waller,

“ Poets lose half the praise they would have got,

“ Were it but known what they discreetly blot.”

As nothing is more easy than to be a Wit, with all the above-mentioned liberties, it requires some genius and invention to appear such without them.

What I have here said is not only in regard to the public, but with an eye to my particular correspondent, who has sent me the following letter, which I have castrated in some places upon these considerations.

‘ S I R,
‘ HAVING lately seen your discourse upon a match
‘ of Grinning, I cannot forbear giving you an
‘ account

‘ account of a Whistling Match, which, with many others, I was entertained with about three years since at the Bath. The prize was a guinea, to be conferred upon the ablest Whistler, that is, on him who could whistle clearest, and go through his tune without laughing, to which at the same time he was provoked by the antic postures of a Merry-Andrew, who was to stand upon the stage and play his tricks in the eye of the performer. There were three competitors for the guinea. The first was a ploughman of a very promising aspect; his features were steady, and his muscles composed in so inflexible stupidity, that upon his first appearance every one gave the guinea for lost. The Pickled Herring however found the way to shake him; for upon his whistling a country jig, this unlucky wag danced to it with such variety of distortions and grimaces, that the country man could not forbear smiling upon him; and by that means spoiled his whistle, and lost the prize.

‘ The next that mounted the stage was an under-citizen of the Bath, a person remarkable among the inferior people of that place for his great wisdom and his broad band. He contracted his mouth with much gravity, and that he might dispose his mind to be more serious than ordinary, began the tune of The Children in the Wood, and went through part of it with good success; when on a sudden the wit at his elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and attentive for some time, gave him a touch upon the left shoulder, and stared him in the face with so bewitching a grin, that the Whistler relaxed his fibres into a kind of simper, and at length burst out into an open laugh. The third who entered the lists was a footman, who, in defiance of the Merry-Andrew, and all his arts, whistled a Scotch Tune and an Italian Sonata, with so settled a countenance, that he bore away the prize, to the great admiration of some hundreds of persons, who, as well as myself, were present at this trial of skill. Now, Sir, I humbly

bly conceive, whatever you have determined of the Grinners, the Whistlers ought to be encouraged, not only as their art is practised without distortion, but as it improves country music, promotes gravity, and teaches ordinary people to keep their countenances, if they see any thing ridiculous in their betters; besides that, it seems an entertainment very particularly adapted to the Bath, as it is usual for a rider to whistle to his horse when he would make his waters pass.

'I am, Sir, &c.'

P O S T S C R I P T.

'After having dispatched these two important points of Grinning and Whistling, I hope you will oblige the world with some reflections upon Yawning, as I have seen it practised on a twelfth-night among other Christmas gambols at the house of a very worthy gentleman, who always entertains his tenants at that time of the year. They Yawn for a Cheshire cheese, and begin about midnight, when the whole company is disposed to be drowsy. He that yawns widest, and at the same time so naturally as to produce the most yawns among the spectators, carries home the cheese. If you handle this subject as you ought, I question not but your paper will set half the kingdom a Yawning, though I dare promise you it will never make any body fall asleep.'

Thursday, September 27. 1711*.

Hic lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimur ultro.

Virg. *Æn.* ii. 145.

“Mov’d by these tears, we pity and protect.”

I AM more pleas’d with a letter that is fill’d with touches of nature than of wit. The following one is of this kind.

SIR,

AMONG all the distresses which happen in families, I do not remember that you have touch’d upon the marriage of children without the consent of their parents. I am one of these unfortunate persons. I was about fifteen when I took the liberty to choose for myself; and have ever since languish’d under the displeasure of an inexorable father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of husbands, and bless’d with very fine children, can never be prevail’d upon to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy accident, that indeed it makes my breach of duty, in some measure, inexcusable; and at the same time creates in me such a tenderness towards him, that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconcil’d to him. I have thrown myself at his feet, and besought him with tears to pardon me; but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from him. I have written several letters to him, but he would neither open nor receive them. About two years ago I sent my little boy to him, dress’d in a new apparel; but the child return’d to me crying, because he said his grandfather would not see him, and had order’d him to be put out of his house. My mother is won over to my side, but dares not mention me to my father for fear

* No. 181.

of

of provoking him. About a month ago he lay sick upon his bed, and in great danger of his life: I was pierced to the heart at the news, and could not forbear going to inquire after his health. My mother took this opportunity of speaking in my behalf: she told him with abundance of tears, that I was come to see him, that I could not speak to her for weeping, and that I should certainly break my heart if he refused at that time to give me his blessing, and be reconciled to me. He was so far from relenting towards me, that he bid her speak no more of me, unless she had a mind to disturb him in his last moments; for, Sir, you must know that he has the reputation of an honest and religious man, which makes my misfortune so much the greater. God be thanked he is since recovered: but his severe usage has given me such a blow, that I shall soon sink under it, unless I may be relieved by any impressions which the reading of this in your Paper may make upon him.

‘I am, &c.’

Of all hardnasses of heart there is none so inexcusable as that of parents towards their children. An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving temper is odious upon all occasions; but here it is unnatural. The love, tenderness, and compassion, which are apt to arise in us towards those who depend upon us, is that by which the whole world of life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the transcendent excellency and goodness of his nature, extends his mercy towards all his works; and because his creatures have not such a spontaneous benevolence and compassion towards those who are under their care and protection, he has implanted in them an instinct that supplies the place of this inherent goodness. I have illustrated this kind of instinct in former Papers, and have shewn how it runs thro’ all the species of brute creatures, as indeed the whole animal creation subsists by it.

This instinct in man is more general and uncircumscribed than in brutes, as being enlarged by the dictates of reason and duty. For if we consider ourselves

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attentively

attentively, we shall find that we are not only inclined to love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of natural affection to every thing which relies upon us for its good and preservation. Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatsoever.

The man therefore who, notwithstanding any passion or resentment, can overcome this powerful instinct, and extinguish natural affection, debases his mind even below brutality, frustrates, as much as in him lies, the great design of Providence, and strikes out of his nature one of the most divine principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable arguments which might be brought against such an unreasonable proceeding, I shall only insist on one. We make it the condition of our forgiveness that we forgive others. In our very prayers we desire no more than to be treated by this kind of retaliation. The case therefore before us seems to be what they call a *Casse in Point*; the relation between the child and father being what comes nearest to that between a creature and its Creator. If the father is inexorable to the child who has offended, let the offence be of never so high a nature, how will he address himself to the Supreme Being, under the tender appellation of a Father, and desire of him such a forgiveness as he himself refuses to grant?

To this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential considerations; but if the last mentioned motive does not prevail, I despair of succeeding by any other, and shall therefore conclude my Paper with a very remarkable story, which is recorded in an old chronicle published by Freher, among the writers of the German history.

Eginhart, who was secretary to Charles the Great, became exceeding popular by his behaviour in that post. His great abilities gained him the favour of his master, and the esteem of the whole court. Imma, the daughter of the emperor, was so pleased with his person and conversation, that she fell in love with him.

As

As she was one of the greatest beauties of the age, Eginhart answered her with more than equal return of passion. They stifled their flames for some time, under apprehension of the fatal consequences that might ensue. Eginhart at length resolving to hazard all, rather than live deprived of one whom his heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself one night into the princess's apartment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted as a person who had something to communicate to her from the emperor. He was with her in private most part of the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he observed that there had fallen a great snow during his stay with the princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the prints of his feet in the snow might make discoveries to the king, who often used to visit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted the princess Imma with his fears; who, after some consultations upon the matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the snow upon her own shoulders. It happened, that the emperor not being able to sleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his first minister across the snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost speed to her own apartment. The emperor was extremely troubled and astonished at this accident, but resolved to speak nothing of it until a proper opportunity. In the mean time, Eginhart knowing that what he had done could not be long a secret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it begged the emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long services. The emperor would not give a direct answer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his counsellors, and acquainting them with his secretary's crime, asked them their advice in so delicate an affair. The most of them gave their opinion, that the person could not be too

severely punished who had thus dishonoured his master. Upon the whole debate, the emperor declared it was his opinion, that Eginhart's punishment would rather increase than diminish the shame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the most adviseable to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly Eginhart was called in, and acquainted by the emperor, that he should no longer have any pretence of complaining his services were not rewarded, for that the princess Imma should be given him in marriage, with a dower suitable to her quality; which was soon after performed accordingly.

Saturday, September 29, 1711*.

*"Ἰδμεν ψευδὴ πολλὰ λεγέειν ἱστορίαισι ὁμοίαι,
 "Ἰδμεν δ' οὐτ' ἐβλάμιν, ἀλλὰ θύα μυθεύασθαι.*

Hesiod.

" Sometimes fair truth in fiction we disguise;
 " Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes."

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued, not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite ages of mankind. Jotham's Fable of the Trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. Nathan's Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find Æsop in the most distant ages of Greece; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of Rome, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a Fable of the Belly and the Limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble,

* No. 183.

at

at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As Fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age; and of Boileau, the most correct poet among the moderns: not to mention La Fontaine, who by his way of writing is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of Fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the ancient critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer are Fables of this nature; and that the several names of gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that Achilles, in the first *Iliad*, represents Anger, or the irascible part of human nature: That upon drawing his sword against his superior in a full assembly, Pallas is only another name for Reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain that Horace considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest Italian wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of Fables. Spencer's *Fairy-Queen* is one continued series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest prose-authors of antiquity, such as Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of Fable. I shall only farther observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the world,

world, was that of Hercules meeting with Pleasure and Virtue; which was invented by Prodicus, who lived before Socrates, and in the first dawns of philosophy. He used to travel through Greece by virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my reader with a Fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present Paper, I must in a few words open the occasion of it.

In the account which Plato gives us of the conversation and behaviour of Socrates, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

When Socrates his fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of Pleasure and Pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, That if a man of a good genius for a fable were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is possible, that if Plato had thought it proper at such a time to describe Socrates launching out into a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable.

But

But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the spirit of that divine author.

“ There were two Families which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in Hell.

“ The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter considering that this species, commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, Pleasure who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

“ Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious
“ who

" who had not some good in him, nor any person so
 " virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth
 " of it is, they generally found upon search, that in
 " the most vicious man Pleasure might lay claim to
 " an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous
 " man Pain might come in for at least two-thirds.
 " This they saw would occasion endless disputes be-
 " tween them, unless they could come to some accom-
 " modation. To this end there was a marriage pro-
 " posed between them, and at length concluded. By
 " this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are
 " such constant yokefellows, and that they either
 " make their visits together, or are never far asunder.
 " If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed
 " by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters you may be sure
 " Pain is not far off.

" But notwithstanding this marriage was very con-
 " venient for the two parties, it did not seem to an-
 " swer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among
 " mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience,
 " it was stipulated between them by article, and con-
 " firmed by the consent of each family, that notwith-
 " standing they here possessed the species indifferently;
 " upon the death of every single person, if he was
 " found to have in him a certain proportion of evil,
 " he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by
 " a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery,
 " Vice, and the Furies. On the contrary, if he had
 " in him a certain proportion of good, he should be
 " dispatched into Heaven by a passport from Pleasure,
 " there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the
 " Gods."

Monday,

Monday, October 1, 1711*.

—*Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 360.

“ — Who labours long, may be allow'd to sleep.”

WHEN a man has discovered a new vein of humour, it often carries him much farther than he expected from it. My correspondents take the hint I gave them, and pursue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the fate of my Paper on the Match of Grinning, which has already produced a second Paper on parallel subjects, and brought me the following letter by the last post. I shall not premise any thing to it farther, than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

YOU have already obliged the world with a discourse upon Grinning, and have since proceeded to Whistling, from whence you at length came to Yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very natural transition to Sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the subject of a Paper the following Advertisement, which about two months ago was given into every body's hands, and may be seen with some additions in the Daily Courant of August the ninth.

“ Nicholas Hart, who slept last year at St Bartholomew's hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little-Britain.”

“ Having since inquired into the matter of fact, I find that the above-mentioned Nicholas Hart is even-ry

‘ ry year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which
 ‘ begins upon the fifth of August, and ends on the ele-
 ‘ venth of the same month : That

- ‘ On the first of that month he grew dull ;
- ‘ On the second, appeared drousy ;
- ‘ On the third, fell a yawning ;
- ‘ On the fourth, began to nod ;
- ‘ On the fifth, dropped asleep ;
- ‘ On the sixth, was heard to snore ;
- ‘ On the seventh, turned himself in his bed ;
- ‘ On the eighth, recovered his former posture ;
- ‘ On the ninth, fell a stretching ;
- ‘ On the tenth about midnight, awaked ;
- ‘ On the eleventh in the morning, called for a little
 ‘ small-beer.

‘ This account I have extracted out of the journal
 ‘ of this sleeping worthy, as it has been faithfully kept
 ‘ by a gentleman of Lincoln’s Inn, who has underta-
 ‘ ken to be his historiographer. I have sent it to you,
 ‘ not only as it represents the actions of Nicholas
 ‘ Hart, but as it seems a very natural picture of the
 ‘ life of many an honest English gentleman, whose
 ‘ history consists of yawning, nodding, stretching, turn-
 ‘ ing, sleeping, drinking, and the like extraordinary
 ‘ particulars. I do not question, Sir, that, if you plea-
 ‘ sed, you could put out an advertisement not unlike
 ‘ the above-mentioned, of several men of figure ; that
 ‘ Mr John Such-a-one, gentleman, or Thomas Such-
 ‘ a-one, esquire, who slept in the country last summer,
 ‘ intends to sleep in town this winter. The worst of
 ‘ it is, that the drousy part of our species is chiefly
 ‘ made up of very honest gentlemen, who live quietly
 ‘ among their neighbours, without ever disturbing the
 ‘ public peace. They are drones without stings. I
 ‘ could heartily wish, that several turbulent, restless,
 ‘ ambitious spirits, would for a-while change places
 ‘ with these good men, and enter themselves into
 ‘ Nicholas Hart’s fraternity. Could one but lay asleep
 ‘ a few busy heads which I could name, from the first
 ‘ of November next to the first of May ensuing, I ques-
 ‘ tion

tion not but it would very much redound to the quiet of particular persons, as well as to the benefit of the public.

But to return to Nicholas Hart: I believe, Sir, you will think it a very extraordinary circumstance for a man to gain his livelihood by sleeping, and that rest should procure a man sustenance as well as industry; yet so it is, that Nicholas got last year enough to support himself for a twelvemonth. I am likewise informed that he has this year had a very comfortable nap. The poets value themselves very much for sleeping on Parnassus, but I never heard they got a groat by it. On the contrary, our friend Nicholas gets more by sleeping than he could by working, and may be more properly said, than ever Homer was, to have had Golden Dreams. Juvenal indeed mentions a drousy husband who raised an estate by Snoring, but then he is represented to have slept what the common people call a Dog's Sleep; or if his sleep was real, his wife was awake, and about her business. Your pen, which loves to moralize upon all subjects, may raise something, methinks, on this circumstance also, and point out to us those sets of men, who, instead of growing rich by an honest industry, recommend themselves to the favours of the great, by making themselves agreeable companions in the participations of luxury and pleasure.

I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the most eminent pens in Grubstreet is now employed in writing the Dream of this miraculous sleeper, which I hear will be of a more than ordinary length, as it must contain all the particulars that are supposed to have passed in his imagination during so long a sleep. He is said to have gone already through three days and three nights of it, and to have comprised in them the most remarkable passages of the four first empires of the world. If he can keep free from party-strokes, his work may be of use; but this I much doubt, having been informed by one of his

‘ friends and confidants, that he has spoken some things
 ‘ of Nimrod with too great freedom.

‘ I am ever, Sir, &c.’

Tuesday, October 2. 1711*.

—*Tantene animis celestibus ira?* Virg. *Æn.* i. 15.

“ And dwells such fury in celestial breasts ?”

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls Zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the Jewish Rabbins, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and if we had the whole history of Zeal from the days of Cain to our own times, we should see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, as would make a wise man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I would have every Zealous Man examine his heart thoroughly, and I believe he will often find, that what he calls a Zeal for his religion, is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man, who differs from another in opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser person. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his Zeal.

* No. 185.

And

And that this is the case very often, we may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendships and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the same scheme of belief. The reason is, because the vicious believer gives the precedence to the virtuous man, and allows the good christian to be the worthier person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage which we see quoted in almost every system of ethics, though upon another occasion:

———*Video meliora proboque,*

Deteriora sequor———

Ovid. Met. vii. 20.

“ I see the right, and I approve it too ;

“ Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.”

TATE.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our Zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic ; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great inflamer, and sets a man on persecution under the colour of Zeal. For this reason we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword, as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word Interest to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our spiritual safety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common

common behaviour of the atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of Zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a christian, it throws off all restraint, and rages in full fury. Zeal is therefore a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse revengeful temper. For this reason, we find that most of the massacres and devastations which have been in the world, have taken their rise from a furious pretended Zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shews itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind. But when I find the instruments he works with are racks and gibbets, gallies and dungeons; when he imprisons men's persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false Zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation, I mean the zealots in atheism. One would fancy that these men, though they fall short, in every other respect, of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion. But so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper

per colours. They are a sort of gamesters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their friends to come to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading atheism is, if possible, more absurd than atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable Zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reasons of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies, or of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigotted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of the matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose? Let me therefore advise this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonsense.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, October 3, 1711*.

Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.— Hor. 3 Od. i. 38.

“High Heaven itself our impious rage affails.” P.

UPON my return to my lodgings last night I found a letter from my worthy friend the Clergyman, whom I have given some account of in my former Papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter part of my yesterday's Speculation; and at the sametime inclosed the following essay, which he desires me to publish as the sequel of that discourse. It consists partly of uncommon reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger light.

‘ A believer may be excused by the most hardened
 ‘ atheist for endeavouring to make him a convert, be-
 ‘ cause he does it with an eye to both their interests.
 ‘ The atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a
 ‘ believer, because he does not propose the doing
 ‘ himself or the believer any good by such a con-
 ‘ version.

‘ The prospect of a future state is the secret com-
 ‘ fort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which
 ‘ makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my
 ‘ pleasures, and supports me under my afflictions. I
 ‘ can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain
 ‘ and sickness, death itself, and, what is worse than
 ‘ death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with
 ‘ indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures
 ‘ of eternity, and the state of being in which there will
 ‘ be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows,
 ‘ sickness nor separation. Why will any man be so
 ‘ impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only
 ‘ fancy and delusion? If it is a dream, let me enjoy
 it,

* No. 186.

it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

I must confess I do not know how to trust a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not only natural self-love, but reason directs us to promote our own interest above all things. It can never be for the interest of a believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure, upon the balance of accounts, to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and at the same time restrain him from doing me any injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature, if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and good nature may indeed tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so without them they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled notions, which rest on no foundation.

Infidelity has been attacked with so good success of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-works. The atheist has not found his post tenable, and has therefore retired into deism, and a disbelief of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this set of men are those who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of religion, know so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

' The great received articles of the Christian Reli-
 ' gion have been so clearly proved, from the autho-
 ' rity of that Divine Revelation in which they are
 ' delivered, that it is impossible for those who have
 ' ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of
 ' them. But were it possible for any thing in the
 ' Christian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill con-
 ' sequences in adhering to it. The great points of the
 ' incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour produce na-
 ' turally such habits of virtue in the mind of man; that
 ' I say, supposing it were possible for us to be misla-
 ' ken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow
 ' that no other system of religion could so effectually
 ' contribute to the heightning of morality. They give
 ' us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and
 ' of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his
 ' creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest
 ' acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and
 ' ourselves. How many noble arguments has Saint Paul
 ' raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the
 ' advancing of morality in its three great branches?
 ' To give a single example in each kind. What can
 ' be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on
 ' the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his
 ' Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and e-
 ' steem even the most inconsiderable of mankind more
 ' than the thought that Christ died for him? or what
 ' dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of
 ' our own hearts, than our being members of Christ,
 ' and a part of the society of which that immaculate
 ' person is the head? But these are only a specimen
 ' of those admirable inforcements of morality, which
 ' the apostle has drawn from the history of our bles-
 ' sed Saviour.

' If our modern infidels considered these matters
 ' with that candour and seriousness which they deserve,
 ' we should not see them act with such a spirit of bit-
 ' terness, arrogance, and malice. They would not be
 ' raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples,
 ' as may be started against every thing that is not ca-
 ' pable of mathematical demonstration; in order to

' unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder. If none of these reflections can have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than their reason. I would therefore have them consider, that the wisest and best of men, in all ages of the world, have been those who lived up to the religion of their country, when they saw nothing in it opposite to morality, and to the best lights they had of the divine nature. Pythagoras's first rule directs us to worship the Gods "as it is ordained by law," for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. Socrates, who was the most renowned among the heathens both for wisdom and virtue, in his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to *Æsculapius*; doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. Xenophon tells us, that his prince (whom he sets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the Persian Jupiter, and the Sun, "according to the custom of the Persians;" for those are the words of the historian. Nay, the Epicureans and atomical philosophers shewed a very remarkable modesty in this particular; for though the being of a God was entirely repugnant to their schemes of natural philosophy, they contented themselves with the denial of a providence, asserting at the same time the existence of gods in general; because they would not shock the common belief of mankind, and the religion of their country.'

K. k 2

Saturday,

Saturday, October 6, 1711.

—*Patriæ pietatis imago.*

Virg. *Æn.* x. 824.

“An image of paternal tenderness.”

THE following letter being written to my bookseller, upon a subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this Paper, together with the letter that was inclosed in it.

Mr BUCKLEY,

MR Spectator having of late descanted upon the cruelty of parents to their children, I have been induced (at the request of several of Mr Spectator's admirers) to inclose this letter, which I assure you is the original from a Father to his own Son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the world, if Mr Spectator would give his opinion of it in some of his Speculations, and particularly to

(Mr Buckley)

your humble servant.

SIRRAH,

YOU are a saucy audacious rascal, and both fool and mad, and, I care not a farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my impressions of your insolence, going about railing at me, and the next day to solicit my favour. These are inconsistencies, such as discover thy reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your face; and, sirrah, if you go to the work-house, it is no disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you starve in the streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling nonsense I'll break your head the first time

No. 189.

1

‘ I set sight on you. You are a stubborn beast; is
 ‘ this your gratitude for my giving you money? you
 ‘ rogue, I’ll better your judgement, and give you a
 ‘ greater sense of your duty to (I regret to say) your
 ‘ father, &c.

‘ P. S. It’s prudence for you to keep out of my
 ‘ sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes
 ‘ Right, on the outside of your letter, I shall give you a
 ‘ great knock on the scull for it.’

Was there ever such an image of paternal tenderness! It was usual among some of the Greeks to make their slaves drink to excess, and then expose them to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational. I have exposed this picture of an unnatural father with the same intention, that its deformity may deter others from its resemblance. If the reader has a mind to see a father of the same stamp represented in the most exquisite strokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest comedies that ever appeared upon the English stage: I mean the part of Sir Samson in “Love for Love.”

I must not however engage myself blindly on the side of the son, to whom the fond letter above-written was directed. His father calls him a “saucy and audacious rascal” in the first line, and I am afraid upon examination he will prove but an ungracious youth. “To go about railing” at his father, and to find no other place but “the outside of his letter” to tell him “that Might overcomes Right,” if it does not “discover his reason to be depraved,” and “that he is either fool or mad,” as the cholerick old gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the father will do very well in endeavouring to “better his judgement, and give him a greater sense of his duty.” But whether this may be brought about by breaking his head,” or “giving him a great knock on the scull,” ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the father has not met with his match, and that

that he may not be as equally paired with a son, as the mother in Virgil.

Crudelis tu quoque mater :

Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?

Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. Ecl. viii. 48.

“ O barbarous mother, thirsting to destroy !

“ More cruel was the mother or the boy ?

“ Both, both alike delighted to destroy,

“ Th’ unnatural mother, and the ruthless boy.”

WARTON.

Or like the crow and her egg, in the Greek proverb,

Какъ коръкъ ѡ какъ оу

“ Bad the crow, bad the egg.”

I must here take notice of a letter which I have received from an unknown correspondent, upon the subject of my Paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewise founded. The writer of it seems very much concerned lest that Paper should seem to give encouragement to the disobedience of children towards their parents; but if the writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this case I may use the saying of an eminent wit, who upon some great men's pressing him to forgive his daughter, who had married against his consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their instances, but that he would have them remember that there was a difference between giving and forgiving.

I must confess, in all controversies between parents and their children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest reflections upon human nature that paternal instinct should

should be a stronger motive to love than filial gratitude; that the receiving of favours should be a less inducement to good-will, tenderness, and commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any person should endear the child or dependent more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependent; yet so it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed) for the support of every living species; but at the same time that it shews the wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is father Le Compté, if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is punished among the Chinese, insomuch that if a son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal, but his whole family would be rooted out, nay the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the sword, nay the place itself would be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt. For, say they, there must have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or society of people who could have bred up among them so horrid an offender. To this I shall add a passage out of the first book of Herodotus. That historian, in his account of the Persian customs and religion, tells us, it is their opinion that no man ever killed his father, or that it is possible such a crime should be in nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed son must have been illegitimate, suppositious, or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular shews sufficiently what a notion they must have had of Undutifulness in general.

Tuesday

Tuesday, October 9, 1711*.

Hom. II. ii. 6.

—“Deluding vision of the night.”

Port.

SOME ludicrous schoolmen have put the case, that if an ass were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his senses equally on each side, and tempted in the very same degree, whether it would be possible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this question to the disadvantage of the ass, who they say would starve in the midst of plenty, as not having a single grain of free-will to determine him more to the one than the other. The bundle of hay on either side striking his sight and smell in the same proportion, would keep him in a perpetual suspense, like the two magnets which travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of Mahomet's burying-place at Mecca, and by that means, say they, pull the impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the ass's behaviour in such nice circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take notice of the conduct of our own species in the same perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the same pretensions to good-luck, stand upon the same foot of competition, and no manner of reason can be given why a man should prefer one to the other before the lottery is drawn. In this case therefore caprice very often acts in the place of reason, and forms to itself some groundless imaginary motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well-

* No. 191.

pleased

pleased to risk his good fortune upon the number 1711, because it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a tacker that would give a good deal for the number 134. On the contrary, I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter, who being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 against any other number, because, says he, it is the number of the beast. Several would prefer the number 12,000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own age in their number; some that they have got a number which makes a pratty appearance in the cyphers; and others, because it is the same number that succeeded in the last lottery. Each of these, upon no other grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called *The Golden Number*.

These principles of election are the pastimes and extravagancies of human reason, which is of so busy a nature that it will be exerting itself in the meanest trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wisest of men are sometimes actuated by such unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool and the superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprised that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the French call them, *Disseurs de bonne Aventure*, who publish their bills in every quarter of the town, have not turned our lotteries to their advantage. Did any of them set up for a rafter of fortunate figures, what might he not get by his pretended discoveries and predictions?

I remember among the advertisements in the *Post-Boy* of September the 27th, I was surprised to see the following one:

“THIS is to give notice, That ten shillings over and above the market-price, will be given for the ticket in the 1,500,000 l. lottery, No 132, by Nath.

VOL. II.

L 1

‘Cliff,

"Cliff, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheap-
side."

This advertisement has given great matter of speculation to coffee-house theorists. Mr Cliff's principles and conversation have been canvassed upon this occasion, and various conjectures made why he should thus set his heart upon No. 132. I have examined all the powers in those numbers, broken them into fractions, extracted the square and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the secret until about three days ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand; by which I find that Mr Nathaniel Cliff is only the agent, and not the principal, in this advertisement.

' Mr SPECTATOR,

' I Am the person that lately advertised I would give
' ten shillings more than the current price for the
' ticket No. 132 in the lottery now drawing; which is
' a secret I have communicated to some friends, who
' rally me incessantly upon that account. You must
' know I have but one ticket, for which reason, and a
' certain dream I have lately had more than once, I was
' resolved it should be the number I most approved.
' I am so positive I have pitched upon the great lot,
' that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My vi-
' sions are so frequent and strong upon this occasion,
' that I have not only possessed the lot, but disposed
' of the money which in all probability it will sell for.
' This morning in particular, I set up an equipage
' which I look upon to be the gayest in the town; the
' liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I should be
' very glad to see a speculation or two upon lottery
' subjects, in which you will oblige all people con-
' sidered, and in particular

' Your most humble servant,

GEORGE GOSLING.

' P. S.

P. S. Dear SPB.C, if I get the 12,000 pound, I'll make thee a handsome present.'

After having wished my correspondent good luck; and thanked him for his intended kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the subject of the Lottery, and only observe, that the greatest part of mankind are in some degree guilty of my friend Gosling's extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen break who have met with no misfortunes in their business, and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occasions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man, who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the Italian proverb runs, *The man who lives by hope will die by hunger.*

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.

Saturday, October 13. 1714.

Νηπιον, οὐδ' ἴσκειν οὐκ ἔστιν ἡμῶν πᾶντος.

Quod os non in malaxa te di aperdila miy' ouiar.

Hes. Oper. & Dier. lib. i. 40.

"Fools, not to know that half exceeds the whole,
How blest the sparing meal and temperate bowl."

THERE is a story in the Arabian Nights Tales, of a King who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a snail, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly-prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat: when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the Sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth Paper, from the general structure and mechanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation. I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effect as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I

am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen, into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down sallads of twenty different

different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong, until you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not well be guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple; "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies." But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have,

his

his days of abstinence according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that abstinence, well-timed, often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer an hundred than sixty years of age at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution; until about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English

English under the title of "Sure and certain method^s of attaining a long and healthy life." He lived to give a third and fourth edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

Having designed this Paper as the sequel to that upon Exercise, I have not here considered Temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I shall make the subject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the means of health.

Wednesday, October 17, 1711^{*}.

Cervi, luporum prada rapacium,

Secundum ultro, quasi opimus

Fallere & effugere est triumphus.

Hor. Od. 4 lib. iv. 50.

"We, like weak hinds, the brinded wolf provoke,

"And, when retreat is victory,

"Rush on, tho' sure to die.

OLDISWORTH."

THERE is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks with be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bed-side, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moon-

* No. 198.

light,

light, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of a husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy, an admirer of the French good breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence. Her constitution is preserved in a kind of natural frost. She wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant ordeal, or fiery trial: like good Queen Emma, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning plough shares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the following Paper; but for such females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex who are not of the Salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls Temptations, and the world Opportunities. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many thousands of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiousness; they would shun like death the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex in the language of Chamont in the Orphan;

- "Trust not to man, we are by nature false,
- "Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
- "When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
- "But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee."

I might enlarge very much upon this subject, but shall

conclude it with a story which I lately heard from one of our Spanish officers, and which may shew the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined, about the fiftieth year of his age, to enter into wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years had laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a ship-board above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain, (who happened to be his next relation,) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend, hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegado in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity

of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures ; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this Renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency: he further told the renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegado, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt ; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival ; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ransom ; as not questioning but he would beat down

the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him. He immediately arose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity; who, partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

Saturday, October 20, 1711*.

Religientem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.

Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

“A man should be religious, not superstitious.”

IT is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with Devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue, and is rather to be stiled Philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills

* No. 201.

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it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science: and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray, in no single circumstance of their behaviour, any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain, the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succour in dangers and distresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendant which arises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly shew that devotion, or religious worship, must be the effect of tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from instinct implanted in the soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes: but which ever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by christianity; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice,

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is a sight very mortifying to human nature; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indulges this thought too far, and honours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures and ecstasies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slight human ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in devotion, superstition is the excess not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by Aulus Gellius, *Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefus*; "A man should be religious, not superstitious." For, as the author tells us, Nigidius observed upon this passage, that the Latin words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown, a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness, superstition of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the church of England have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm, as the Roman Catholic religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions.

The

The Roman Catholic church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded. On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, tho' never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A Gothic bishop perhaps thought it proper to repeat such a form in such particular shoes or slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a crozier in his hand. To this a brother Vandal, as wise as the others, adds an antick dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of these ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the pope officiate at St. Peter's, where for two hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.

Tuesday

Tuesday, October 23, 1711 *.

*Phæbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, genitor—* Ovid. Met. lib. ii. 36.

“ Illustrious parent ! if I yet may claim
“ The name of son, O rescue me from shame !
“ My mother’s truth confirm ; all doubt remove,
“ By tender pledges of a father’s love.”

P.

THERE is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue in every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable consideration, father it upon the Church-warden. By this means there are several married men who have a little family in most of the parishes of London and Westminster, and several batchelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this liberty of preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds so much game in a populous city, that it is surprising to consider the number which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young fellow who is scarce of age, that could lay his claim to the *Jus Trium Liberorum*, or the privileges which were granted by the Roman laws to all such as were fathers of three children. Nay, I have heard a rake, who was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a physician. In short, the town is full of those young patriarchs, not to mention several battered beaus, who, like heedless spendthrifts who squander away their estates before they are masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of children before marriage.

* No. 203.

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I must not here omit the particular whim of an impudent libertine, that had a little smattering of heraldry; and observing how the genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the shape of trees, had taken a fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate issue in a figure of the same kind.

—*Nec longum tempus & ingens
Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbor,
Miraturque novas frondes, & non sua poma.*

Virg. Georg. ii. 80.

“ And in short space the laden boughs arise,
“ With happy fruit advancing to the skies:
“ The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
“ Of alien trees, and apples not her own.”

DRYDEN.

The trunk of the tree was mark'd with his own name, Will Mapple. Out of the side of it grew a large barren branch, inscribed Mary Mapple, the name of his unhappy wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the first was written in capital characters Kate Cole, who branched out into three sprigs, viz. William, Richard, and Rebecca. Sal Twiford gave birth to another bough that shot up into Sarah, Tom, Will, and Frank. The third arm of the tree had only a single infant on it, with a space left for a second, the parent from whom it sprung being near her time when the author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully laden with fruit of the same kind; besides which there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing tree never came out of the Herald's Office.

What makes this generation of vermin so very prolific, is the undefatigable diligence with which they apply themselves to their business. A man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a campaign, than in the course of a vicious amour. As it is said of some men that they make their business their pleasure,

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these sons of darkness may be said to make their pleasure their business. They might conquer their corrupt inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of these men less to be admired than their industry and vigilance. There is a fragment of Apollodorus the comic poet (who was contemporary with Menander) which is full of humour, as follows: "Thou mayest shut up thy doors, says he, with bars and bolts. It will be impossible for the blacksmith to make them so fast, but a cat and a whoremaster will find a way through them." In a word, there is no head so full of stratagems as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propose a punishment for this infamous race of propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third offence, into our American colonies, in order to people these parts of her Majesty's dominions where there is a want of inhabitants, and in the phrase of Diogenes, to *Plant Men*. Some countries punish this crime with death; but I think such a banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the public.

In the mean time, until these gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take care of those unfortunate creatures whom they have brought into the world by these indirect methods, and to give their spurious children such an education as may render them more virtuous than their parents. This is the best atonement they can make for their own crimes, and indeed the only method that is left them to repair their past miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common humanity, as well as by all the obligations of religion and nature, to make some provision for those whom they have not only given life to, but entailed upon them, tho' very unreasonably, a degree of shame and disgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural

tural inclination to favour a vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *bastardy* and *cuckoldom* should be looked upon as reproaches, and that the ignominy which is only due to lewdness and falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true and genuine light.

‘SIR,

‘I Am one of those people who by the general opinion of the world are counted both infamous and unhappy.

‘My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom, and one who bears considerable offices in it. I am his son, but my misfortune is, that I dare not call him father, nor he without shame own me as his issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that endearing tenderness and unparalleled satisfaction which a good man finds in the love and conversation of a parent. Neither have I the opportunities to render him the duties of a son, he having always carried himself at so vast a distance, and with such superiority towards me, that by long use I have contracted a timorousness when before him which hinders me from declaring my own necessities, and giving him to understand the inconveniencies I undergo.

‘It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a scholar, a soldier, nor any kind of business, which renders me entirely incapable of making provision for myself without his assistance; and this creates a continual uneasiness in my mind, fearing I shall in time want bread; my father, if I may so call him, giving me but very faint assurances of doing any thing for me.

‘I have hitherto lived somewhat like a gentleman, and it would be very hard for me to labour for my living. I am in continual anxiety for my future for-

‘tune, and under a great unhappiness in losing the
 ‘sweet conversation and friendly advice of my parents;
 ‘so that I cannot look upon myself otherwise than as
 ‘a monster, strangely sprung up in nature, which eve-
 ‘ry one is ashamed to own.

‘I am thought to be a man of some natural parts,
 ‘and by the continual reading what you have offered
 ‘the world, become an admirer thereof, which has
 ‘drawn me to make this confession; at the same time
 ‘hoping, if any thing herein should touch you with a
 ‘sense of pity, you would then allow me the favour
 ‘of your opinion thereupon; as also what part I, be-
 ‘ing unlawfully born, may claim of the man’s affec-
 ‘tion who begot me, and how far in your opinion I
 ‘am to be thought his son, or he acknowledged as my
 ‘father. Your sentiments and advice herein will be a
 ‘great consolation and satisfaction to, ‘SIR,

‘Your admirer and

‘humble servant,

‘W. B.

Thursday, October 25, 1711*.

Decipimur specie recti

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 15.

“Deluded by a seeming excellence.” RosCOMMON.

WHEN I meet with any vicious character that
 is not generally known, in order to prevent its
 doing mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a
 scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an
 example of the person to whom it belongs, but give
 warning to all her majesty’s subjects, that they may
 not suffer by it. Thus, to change the allusion, I have
 marked out several of the shoals and quicksands of life,
 and am continually employed in discovering those
 which are still concealed, in order to keep the igno-
 rant and unwary from running upon them. It is with

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this

this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of this nature.

MR SPECTATOR;

There are none of your Speculations which I read over with greater delight, than those which are designed for the improvement of our sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable fears and superstitions, in your seventh and twelfth Papers; our fancy for equipage, in your fifteenth; our love of puppet-shows, in your thirty-first; our notions of beauty, in your thirty-third; our inclination for romances in your thirty-seventh; our passion for French fopperies, in your forty-fifth; our manhood and party-zeal, in your fifty-seventh; our abuse of dancing, in your sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh; our levity, in your hundred and twenty-eighth; our love of coxcombs in your hundred and fifty-fourth and hundred and fifty-seventh; our tyranny over the hen-peck, in your hundred and seventy-sixth. You have described the Pict in your forty-first; the Idol, in your seventy-third; the Demurrer, in your eighty-ninth; the Salamander, in your hundred and ninety-eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our dress, and represented to us the extravagancies we are often guilty of in that particular. You have fallen upon our Patches, in your fiftieth, and eighty-first; our com-modes, in your ninety-eight; our Fans in your hundred and second; our Riding Habits in your hundred and fourth; our Hoop-petticoats, in your hundred and twenty-seventh; besides a great many little blemishes which you have touched upon in your several other Papers, and in those many letters that are scattered up and down your works. At the same time, we must own that the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable, and that those very faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves, nor, as you own, universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain that these your discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable part of womankind, and for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious.

ous. But, Sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower part of our sex, who are a scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your censure. I know it would debase your Paper too much to enter into the behaviour of these female libertines; but as your remarks on some parts of it would be doing of justice to several women of virtue and honour, whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the public some accounts of this nature. You must know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this letter by the behaviour of an infamous woman, who having passed her youth in a most shameless state of prostitution, is now one of those who gain their livelihood by seducing others that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal commerce between the two sexes. Among several of her artifices to get money, she frequently persuades a vain young fellow, that such a woman of quality, or such a celebrated toast, entertains a secret passion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity of revealing it. Nay, she has gone so far as to write letters in the name of a woman of figure, to borrow money of one of those foolish Roderigo's, which she has afterwards appropriated to her own use. In the mean time, the person who has lent the money, has thought a lady under obligations to him, who scarce knew his name; and wondered at her ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned the favour, though at the same time he was too much a man of honour to put her in mind of it.

When this abandoned baggage meets with a man who has vanity enough to give credit to relations of this nature, she turns him to very good account, by repeating praises that were never uttered, and delivering messages that were never sent. As the house of this shameless creature is frequented by several foreigners, I have heard of another artifice, out of which she often raises money. The foreigner sighs after some British beauty, whom he only knows by fame: upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a meeting. The stranger, ravished

at

' at his good fortune, gives her a present, and in a lit-
 ' tle time is introduced to some imaginary title; for
 ' you must know that this cunning purveyor has
 ' her representatives upon this occasion, of some of the
 ' finest ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I
 ' am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a Ger-
 ' man count in foreign countries, that shall make his
 ' boasts of favours he has received from women of the
 ' highest ranks, and the most unblemished characters.
 ' Now, Sir, what safety is there for a woman's repu-
 ' tation, when a lady may be thus prostituted as it
 ' were by proxy, and be reputed an unchaste woman;
 ' as the hero in the ninth book of Dryden's Virgil is
 ' looked upon as a coward, because the phantom which
 ' appeared in his likeness ran away from Turnus?
 ' You may depend upon what I relate to you to be
 ' matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of
 ' these female panders. If you print this letter, I may
 ' give you some farther accounts of this vicious race of
 ' women.
 ' your humble servant.
 ' Belvidera.'

I shall add two other letters on different subjects to
 fill up my Paper.

Mr SPECTATOR,

' I Am a country clergyman, and hope you will lend
 ' me your assistance in ridiculing some little inde-
 ' cencies which cannot so properly be exposed from
 ' the pulpit.

' A widow lady, who straggled this summer from
 ' London into my parish for the benefit of the air, as
 ' she says, appears every Sunday at church with many
 ' fashionable extravagancies, to the great astonishment
 ' of my congregation.

' But what gives us the most offence is her theatri-
 ' cal manner of singing the psalms. She introduces a-
 ' bove fifty Italian airs into the hundredth psalm, and
 ' whilst we begin 'All people' in the old solemn tune
 ' of our forefathers, she in a quite different key runs
 ' divisions on the vowels, and adorns them with the
 ' grace

“graces of Nicolini: if she meets with Eke or Aye, which are frequent in the metre of Hopkins and Sternhold, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute after us to some sprightly airs of the opera.

“I am very far from being an enemy to church music; but fear this abuse of it may make my parish ridiculous, who already look on the singing psalms as an entertainment, and no part of their devotion: besides, I am apprehensive that the infection may spread, for squire Squeekum, who by his voice seems (if I may use the expression) to be cut out for an Italian singer, was last Sunday practising the same airs.

“I know the lady's principles, and that she will plead the toleration, which (as she fancies) allows her nonconformity in this particular; but I beg you to acquaint her, That singing the psalms in a different tune from the rest of the congregation, is a sort of schism not tolerated by that act.

“I am, Sir,

“Your humble servant,

“R S.”

MR SPECTATOR,

“IN your paper upon Temperance, you prescribe to us a rule of drinking, out of Sir William Temple, in the following words: “The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.” Now, Sir, you must know, that I have read this your Spectator, in a club whereof I am a member; when our president told us, there was certainly an error in the print, and that the word Glass should be Bottle; and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this *mistake*, and to desire you to publish the following *Errata*: In the paper of Saturday, Octob. 13, Col. 3. Line 11, for Glass read Bottle,

“Yours, Robin Good-fellow.”

Saturday,

Saturday, October 27. 1711*.

*Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula*——

Juv. Sat. x. i.

- “ Look round the habitable world, how few
“ Know their own good, or, knowing, it pursue ?
“ How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
“ Prompts the fond wish, or lifts the suppliant voice ?”

DRYD. JOHNSON, &c.

IN my last Saturday's Paper I laid down some thoughts upon Devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the notions of the most refined heathens on this subject, as they are represented in Plato's dialogue upon Prayer, intitled, Alcibiades the Second, which doubtless gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire, and to the second satire of Persius; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, intitled Alcibiades the First, in his fourth satire.

The speakers in this dialogue upon Prayer, are Socrates and Alcibiades; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions) as follows:

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own prayers, and that those things, which the Gods send him in answer to his petitions, might turn to his destruction. This, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he

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knows

knows is mischievous in its own nature, as Oedipus implored the Gods to sow dissension between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the Philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks Alcibiades, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that God to whom he was going to address himself should promise to make him sovereign of the whole earth? Alcibiades answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. Socrates then asks him, If after receiving this great favour, he would be contented to lose his life? or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill use of it? To both which questions Alcibiades answers in the negative. Socrates then shews him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, That other reputed pieces of good-fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, That all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the model of his devotions, a short prayer, which a Greek poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words: "O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things which we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for."

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place, he informs him, that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the Lacedemonians make use of, in which they petition the gods, "To give them all good things so long as they were "virtuous." Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpose:

When the Athenians in the war with the Lacedemonians received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to ask the reason why they who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the Lacedemonians, who fell so short of them in all these particulars. To this, says he, the oracle made the following reply; "I am better pleased with the prayers of the "Lacedemonians, than with all the oblations of the "Greeks." As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it; the philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of Homer, in which the poet says, "That "the scent of the Trojan sacrifices was carried up to "heaven by the winds: but that it was not acceptable "to the gods, who were displeased with Priam and all "his people."

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable, Socrates having deterred Alcibiades from the prayers and sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words, "We must therefore wait until such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the Gods, and towards men." But when will that time come, says Alcibiades, and who is it that will instruct us? for I would fain see this man, whoever he is. It is one, says Socrates, who takes care of you; but as Homer tells us, that Minerva removed the mist from Diomedes's eyes that he might plainly discover both gods and men; so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil. Let him remove from my mind, says Alcibiades, the darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me whenever he is, so that I may become the better man by it. The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure: There is something in it that would make us think Socrates hinted at himself, when he spoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that Socrates, like the high-priest, prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw, by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of Plato's discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, "That the great founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this

" great

“ great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets without show or ostentation, and to worship him in spirit and in truth.” As the Lacedemonians in their form of prayer implored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular, “ That our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.” If we look into the second rule which Socrates has prescribed, namely, That we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses, which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and, on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us, we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for the coming of his Kingdom, being solicitous for no other temporal blessings but our daily sustenance. On the other side, We pray against nothing but sin, and against Evil in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of Socrates his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that his Will may be done: which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths, “ Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done.” This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, October 30, 1711.*

Ἰσχυρὸς ὕδ' ἔσθ' ἀνὴρ ἀνιζέσθαι
 Ἐσθλὸς ἀμεινον ὕδ' ἐργον κακὸς

“Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
 “A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.”

There are no authors I am more pleased with, than those who shew human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession, and rectify that narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity; and the more we look downward towards our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

* No. 209.

Among

Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in Satire, under what dress soever it may appear; as there are no other authors whose province it is to enter so directly into the ways of men and set their miscarriages in so strong a light.

SIMONIDES, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and hews, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and sixty-first Speculation, that the rule of observing what the French called the *Bienfiance* in an allusion, has been found out of latter years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The Satire or Iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present Paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this Satire is Woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of Pre-existence. He tells us, That the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear) at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and must further premise, That the following Satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the age of this poet.

“ In

" In the beginning God made the souls of Woman-kind out of different materials, and in a separate state from their bodies.

" The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a Swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her person, a flattern in her dress, and her family is no better than a dunghill.

" A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a Fox. Such a one is what we call a notable discerning woman, who has an insight into every thing whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

" A third kind of women were made up of Canine particles. These are what we commonly call Scolds, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.

" The fourth kind of women were made out of the Earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

" The fifth species of females were made out of the Sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good humour; but on a sudden her looks and her words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

" The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an Ass, or a beast of burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but, upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

" The

"The Cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

"The Mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

"The ninth species of females were taken out of the Ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from, or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

"The tenth and last species of women were made out of the Bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man."

I shall conclude these iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author; "A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one."

As the poet has shewn a great penetration in this diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and Monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last Satire, where they have endeavoured to expose the sex in general, without doing Justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling Satires are of no use to the world, and for this reason I have often wondered how the French author above-mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper subject for Satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called, The Satire upon Man. What vice or frailty can a discourse correct, which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to shew by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the more excellent creatures of the two? A Satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it.

Thursday, November 1, 1711*.

Fictis meminerit nos jocari Fabulis. Phædr. l. 1. Prol.

‘Let it be remembered that we sport in fabled stories.’

HAVING lately translated the fragment of an old poet which describes womankind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded, I had some thoughts of giving the sex their revenge, by laying together in another Paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and shewing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different humours and constitutions. Horace has a thought which is something akin to this

* No. 211.

when

when, in order to excuse himself to his mistress for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us, that when Prometheus made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart he seasoned it with some furious particles of the lion. But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humours in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversified with so many characters, that the world has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagancies.

Instead thereof of pursuing the thought of Simonides, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of pre-existence, some of the ancient philosophers have, in a manner, satirized the vicious part of the human species in general, from a notion of the Soul's *Post-existence*, if I may so call it; and that as Simonides describes brutes entering into the composition of women, others have represented human souls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of Transmigration, which supposes that human souls, upon their leaving the body, become the souls of such kinds of brutes as they most resemble in their manners; or to give an account of it as Mr Dryden has described it in his translation of Pythagoras's Speech in the fifteenth Book of Ovid, where that philosopher dissuades his hearers from eating flesh:

" Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
 " And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies:
 " By time, or force, or sickness dispossest'd,
 " And lodges where it lights, in bird or beast;
 " Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,
 " And actuates those according to their kind:
 " From tenement to tenement is toss'd,
 " The soul is still the same, the figure only lost.

" Then let not piety be put to flight,
 " To please the taste of glutton appetite;
 " But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
 " Left from their seats your parents you expel;
 " With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
 " Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind."

Plato in the Vision of Erus the Armenian, which I may possibly make the subject of a future Speculation, records some beautiful Transmigrations; as, that the soul of Orpheus, who was musical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entered into a Swan; the soul of Ajax, which was all wrath and fierceness, into a Lion; the soul of Agamemnon, that was rapacious and imperial, into an Eagle; and the soul of Thersites, who was a mimic and a buffoon, into a Monkey.

Mr Congreve, in a prologue to one of his comedies, has touched upon this doctrine with great humour.

" Thus Aristotle's soul of old that was,
 " May now be damn'd to animate an ass;
 " Or in this very house, for ought we know,
 " Is doing painful penance in some beau.

I shall fill up this Paper with some letters which my last Tuesday's Speculation has produced. My following correspondents will shew, what I there observed, that the Speculation of that day affects only the lower part of the Sex.

' From my house in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

Mr SPECTATOR,

' UPON reading your Tuesday's Paper, I find by
 ' several symptoms in my constitution that I am
 ' a Bee. My shop, or, if you please to call it so, my
 ' cell, is in that great hive of females which goes by
 ' the name of the New-Exchange; where I am daily
 ' employed in gathering together a little stock of gain
 ' from

‘ from the finest flowers about the town, I mean the
 ‘ ladies and the beaux. I have a numerous swarm of
 ‘ children, to whom I give the best education I am a-
 ‘ ble. But, Sir, it is my misfortune to be married to
 ‘ a Drone, who lives upon what I get, without bring-
 ‘ ing any thing into the common stock. Now, Sir,
 ‘ as on the one hand I take care not to behave myself
 ‘ towards him like a Wasp, so likewise I would not
 ‘ have him look upon me as an humble-bee; for which
 ‘ reason I do all I can to put him upon laying up pro-
 ‘ visions for a bad day, and frequently represent to
 ‘ him the fatal effects his sloth and negligence may
 ‘ bring upon us in our old age. I must beg that you
 ‘ will join with me in your good advice upon this oc-
 ‘ casion, and you will for ever oblige your humble ser-
 ‘ vant,

‘ Melissa.’

‘ SIR,

Piccadilly, October 31, 1711.

‘ I Am joined in wedlock for my sins to one of those
 ‘ Fillies who are described in the old Poet with that
 ‘ hard name you gave us the other day. She has a
 ‘ flowing mane, and a skin as soft as silk; but, Sir, she
 ‘ passes half her life at her glass, and almost ruins me
 ‘ in ribbands. For my own part, I am a plain handi-
 ‘ craft man, and in danger of breaking by her laziness
 ‘ and expensiveness. Pray, Master, tell me in your
 ‘ next Paper, whether I may not expect of her so much
 ‘ drudgery as to take care of her family, and curry
 ‘ her hide in case of refusal. Your loving friend,

‘ Barnaby Brittle.

‘ Mr SPECTATOR,

Cheapside, October 30.

‘ I Am mightily pleased with the humour of the Cat,
 ‘ be so kind as to enlarge upon that subject.

‘ Yours till death, Josiah Henpeck.

‘ P. S. You must know I am married to a *Grimalkin*.’

‘ SIR,

‘ SIR,

Wapping, October 31, 1711.

‘ **E**VER since your Spectator of Tuesday last came into our family, my husband is pleased to call me his *Oceana*, because the foolish old poet that you have translated says, That the Souls of some women are made of Sea-Water. This, it seems, has encouraged my sauce-box to be witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries Pr’ythee, my dear, be calm; when I chide one of my servants, Pr’ythee, child, *do not* bluster. He had the impudence about an hour ago to tell me, That he was a Seafaring man, and must expect to divide his life between Storm and Sunshine. When I bestir myself with any spirit in my family, it is High Sea in his house; and when I sit still without doing any thing, his affairs, forsooth, are Wind-bound. When I ask him whether it rains, he makes answer, It is no matter, so that it be fair weather within doors. In short, Sir, I cannot speak my mind freely to him, but I either swell or rage, or do something that is not fit for a civil woman to hear. Pray, Mr Spectator, since you are so sharp upon other women, let us know what materials *your* wife is made of, if you have one. I suppose you would make us a parcel of poor-spirited, tame, insipid creatures; but, Sir, I would have you to know, we have as good passions in us as yourself, and that a woman was never designed to be a milk-sop.

‘ Martha Tempest.’

Saturday, November 3, 1711*.

— *Mens sibi conscia recti.*

Virg. *Æn.* i. 608.

“ A good Intention.”

IT is the great art and secret of Christianity, if I may use that phrase, to manage our actions to the best advantage,

* No. 213.

advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this consideration its full weight, we may cast all our actions under the division of such as are in themselves either good, evil, or indifferent. If we divide our Intentions after the same manner, and consider them with regard to our Actions, we may discover the great art and secret of religion which I have here mentioned,

A good Intention joined to a good Action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil Action, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent Action turns it to a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human Actions can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the best of actions, and makes them in reality, what the fathers with a witty kind of zeal have termed the virtues of the heathen world, so many shining sins. It destroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror, or in the emphatical language of sacred writ, makes "Sin exceeding sinful."

If, in the last place, we consider the nature of an indifferent intention, we shall find that it destroys the merit of a good action; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action; and leaves an indifferent action in its natural state of indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

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There is something very devout, though not solid, in Acosta's answer to Limborch, who objects to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the Jewish religion, as washings, dresses, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply which the Jew makes upon this occasion is, to the best of my remembrance, as follows: 'There are not duties enough (says he) in the essential parts of the law for a zealous and active obedience. Time, place, and person are requisite, before you have an opportunity of putting a moral virtue into practice. We have therefore, says he, enlarged the sphere of our duty, and made many things, which are in themselves indifferent, a part of our religion, that we may have more occasions of shewing our love to God, and in all the circumstances of life be doing something to please him, and the other to abstain from every thing which may possibly displease him.'

Monsieur St. Evremond has endeavoured to palliate the superstitions of the Roman-Catholic Religion with the same kind of apology, where he pretends to consider the different spirit of the Papists and the Calvinists, as to the great points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by love, and the other by fear; and that in their expressions of duty and devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly displease him.

But notwithstanding this plausible reason with which both the Jew and the Roman-Catholic would excuse their respective superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to mankind, and destructive to religion; because the injunction of superfluous ceremonies makes such actions duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own nature, betrays many into sins of omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar to the shadowy, unessential points, instead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

This zealous and active obedience, however, takes place in the great point we are recommending; for, if, instead

instead of prescribing to ourselves indifferent actions as duties, we apply a good intention to all our most indifferent actions, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diversions and amusements to our eternal advantage, and are pleasing Him (whom we are made to please) in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this holy officiousness (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon precept wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the glory of our Creator, in all our most indifferent actions, "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do."

A person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence; under the observation and the inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows his "down-sitting and his up-rising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and who spieth out all his ways." In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who in that beautiful phrase of scripture are said to have "walked with God."

When I employ myself upon a Paper of morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts or examples of the ancient heathens; by that means, if possible, to shame those who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better course of life: besides that many among

us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan philosopher, than to a Christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this excellent frame of mind in a speech of Socrates, which is quoted by Erasmus. This great philosopher on the day of his execution, a little before the person was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words: "Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be accepted by him." We find in these words of that great man the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that Erasmus, who was an unbigotted Roman-Catholic, was so much transported with this passage of Socrates, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner; "When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis*: O holy Socrates, pray for us."

Tuesday, November 6, 1711^{*}.

— *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

Ovid. de Ponto, II. ix. 47.

"Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,
" Soften the manners, and subdue the mind."

I Consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, make the surface shine, and discovers every

*No. 315.

every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs thro' the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of Education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, Education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper Education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in fullness and despair.

Mens passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? That we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should as much as in us lies cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as

well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it.

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at Saint Christopher's, one of our British Leeward Islands. The Negroes, who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

"This gentleman among his Negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negroe above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

"After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them: where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was

the

the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves."

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; tho' it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profest myself in this Paper a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of the

mens minds: at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to the persons who write them, but my publishing of them would I fear be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them.

Saturday, November 10, 1711.

Vix ea nostra voco——

Ovid. Met. xiii. 141.

“These I scarce call our own.”

THERE are but few men, who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition; which is natural to the soul of man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodise them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the motion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, tho' a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope; majesty to kings; serenity or mildness of temper to princes; excellence or perfection to ambassadors; grace to archbishops; honour to peers; worship or venerable behaviour to magistrates; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, such attributes of honour are generally correspondent with the virtues of the person to whom they are applied; but in the descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-bed shews the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on; and is asked by a grave attendant how his Holiness does? another hears himself addressed to under the titles of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature,

nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true equality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right.

It methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.

Men in scripture are called "strangers and sojourners upon earth," and life a "pilgrimage." Several heathen, as well as christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the philosopher) is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in Him who has cast our several parts, and is the great disposer of the Drama.

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great inforcement from the abovementioned

tioned consideration, if we remember that our part^s in the other world will be new-cast, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several posts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful passages in the little apocryphal book, intitled; "the Wisdom of Solomon," to set forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal blessings which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprise which it will produce among those who are his superiors in this. 'Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had some time in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!'

If the reader would see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity, and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place. In the mean time, since it is necessary in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept in the world, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in virtue, as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life would consider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a just deference and submission to their superiors, make them

SPECTATOR.

happy in those blessings with which providence has thought fit to distinguish them.

Tuesday, November 13, 1711*.

— *Ab Ova*

Usque ad Mala —

Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 6.

“ From eggs, which first are set upon the board,
“ To apples ripe, with which it last is stor’d.”

When I have finished any of my Speculations, it is my method to consider which of the ancient authors have touched upon the subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expressed in better words, or some similitude for the illustration of my subject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a Speculation, which I rather choose to take out of the poets than the prose-writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and by couching it in few words, and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

My reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory some beautiful passage of a classic author.

It was a saying of an ancient Philosopher, which I find some of our writers have ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, “ that a good face is a letter of recommendation.” It naturally makes the beholders inquisitive into the person who is the owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his favour. A handsome motto has the same effect. Besides that it always gives a super-numerary beauty to a paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the writer is engaged in what

may appear a paradox to vulgar minds, as it shews that he is supported by good authorities, and is not singular in his opinion.

I must confess, the motto is of little use to an unlearned reader, for which reason I consider it only as "a word to the wise." But as for my unlearned friends, if they cannot relish the motto, I take care to make provision for them in the body of my paper. If they do not understand the sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the house; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain man's compliment, who, upon his friend's telling him that he would like the Spectator much better if he understood the motto, replied, "that good wine needs no bush."

I have heard of a couple of preachers in a country town, who endeavoured which would outshine one another, and draw together the greatest congregation. One of them being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote every now and then a Latin sentence to his illiterate hearers, who it seems found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his rival. The other finding his congregation mouldering every Sunday, and hearing at length what was the occasion of it, resolved to give his parish a little Latin in *his* turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his sermons the whole book of *Que Genus*, adding however such explications to it as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in presenti*, which he converted in the same manner to the use of his parishioners. This in a very little time thickened his audience, filled his church, and routed his antagonist.

The natural love to Latin, which is so prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my speculations fare never the worse among them for that little scrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of quotations in an unknown tongue, is, that I hear the ladies, whose approbation I value more than that of the whole learned

world, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my Greek mottos.

Designing this day's work for a dissertation upon the two extremities of my paper, and having already dispatched my motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single capital letters which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of speculation to the curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this subject. Some tell us, that C is the mark of those papers that are written by the clergyman, though others ascribe them to the club in general: That the papers marked with R were written by my friend Sir ROGER: That L signifies the lawyer, whom I have described in my second speculation; and that T stands for trader or merchant. But the letter X, which is placed at the end of some few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except Xenophon and Xerxes, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any hand in these speculations.

In answer to these inquisitive gentlemen, who have many of them made inquiries of me by letter, I must tell them the reply of an ancient philosopher, who carried something hidden under his cloak. A certain acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully, "I cover it, says he, on purpose that you should not know." I have made use of these obscure marks for the same purpose. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preserve the paper against the fascination and malice of evil eyes; for which reason I would not have my reader surprised, if hereafter he sees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word ABRACADABRA.

I shall, however, so far explain myself to the reader, as to let him know that the letters, C, L, and X, are cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the philosophy of Pythagoras, and swear by the *Tetractys*, that is the number Four, will know
very

very well that the number Ten, which is signified by the letter X, (and which has so much perplexed the town) has in it many particular powers; that it is called by platonic writers the Complete Number; that one, two, three, and four put together make up the number ten; and that ten is all. But these are not mysteries for ordinary readers to be let into. A man must have spent many years in hard study before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

We had a rabbinical divine in England, who was chaplain to the Earl of Essex in queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of Cambridge, upon the first verse of the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, in which, says he, you have the three following words,

Adam, Sheth, Enosh.

He divided this short text into many parts, and by discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Dr Alabafter, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Dr Fuller's book of English worthies. This instance will, I hope, convince my readers that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the rear of my paper, and give them some satisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explication of these matters, I must refer to time, which discovers all things.

Thursday,

Thursday, November 15, 1711*.

*O suavis Anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antebac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquiae!*

Phædr. III. i. 5.

“O sweet soul! how good must you have been here-
tofore, when your remains are so delicious!”

WHEN I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider time as an immense ocean, in which many noble authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck; but the number of the last is very small.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Virg. *Æn.* 1. v. 122.

“One here and there floats on the vast abyss.”

Among the mutilated poets of antiquity there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her in the remarks of those great Critics who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit with which many of our modern Lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry. She felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the Tenth Muse; and by Plutarch is compared

* No. 223.

pared to Cacus the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They are filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

An inconstant lover, called Phaon, occasioned great calamities to this poetical lady. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily, in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, she is supposed to have made the hymn to Venus, with a translation of which I shall present my reader. Her hymn was ineffectual for procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obdurate, and Sappho so transported with the violence of her passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontary in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called, "the lover's leap;" and whether or no the fright they had been in, or the resolution that could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the bruises which they often received in their fall, banished all the sentiments of love, and gave their spirits another turn; those who had taken this leap were observed never to relapse into that passion. Sappho tried the cure, but perished in the experiment.

After having given this short account of Sappho so far as it regards the following ode, I shall subjoin the translation of it as it was sent me by a friend whose admirable Pastorals and Winter-piece have been already so well received. The reader will find in it that pathetic simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the ode he has here translated. This ode in the Greek (besides those beauties observed by Madam Dacier,)

cier,) has several harmonious turns in the words, which are not lost in the English. I must farther add, that the translation has preserved every image and sentiment of Sappho, notwithstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practised by the so much celebrated Sappho, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

An HYMN to VENUS.

I.

“ O Venus, beauty of the skies,
 “ To whom a thousand temples rise,
 “ Gaily false in gentle smiles,
 “ Full of love-perplexing wiles;
 “ O goddess! from my heart remove
 “ The wasting cares and pains of love.

II.

“ If ever thou hast kindly heard
 “ A song in soft distress preferr’d,
 “ Propitious to my tuneful vow,
 “ O gentle goddess! hear me now.
 “ Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
 “ In all thy radiant charms confest.

III.

“ Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
 “ And all the golden roofs above:
 “ The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
 “ Hovering in air they lightly flew;
 “ As to my bower they wing’d their way,
 “ I saw their quivering pinions play.

IV.

“ The birds dismiss’d (while you remain)
 “ Bore back their empty car again:
 “ Then you, with looks divinely mild,
 “ In every heavenly feature smil’d,
 “ And ask’d what new complaints I made,
 “ And why I call’d you to my aid?

V. “ What

V.

- " What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
 " And by what cure to be assuag'd ?
 " What gentle youth I would allure,
 " Whom in thy artful toils secure ?
 " Who does my tender heart subdue,
 " Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who ?

VI.

- " Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,
 " He soon shall court thy slighted charms ;
 " Tho' now thy offerings he despise,
 " He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;
 " Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
 " And be thy victim in his turn,

VII.

- " Celestial visitant, once more
 " Thy needful presence I implore !
 " In pity come and ease my grief,
 " Bring my distemper'd soul relief,
 " Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
 " And give me all my heart desires."

Madam Dacier observes, there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this Ode, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her. This ode was preserved by an eminent Greek critic, who inserted it entire in his works, as a patron of perfection in the structure of it.

Longinus has quoted an other Ode of this great Poetess, which is likewise admirable in its kind, and has been translated by the same hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my reader with it in another Paper. In the meanwhile, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished pieces have never been attempted before by any of our own countrymen. But the truth of it is, the compositions of the ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural witticisms that are the delight of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render into

another tongue, so as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the translation.

Saturday, November 17, 1711*.

Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia—

Juv. Sat. x. 365.

“ Prudence supplies the want of every God.”

I Have often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions, the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, That a man should live with his enemy in such a manner as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of which regards our behaviour towards a friend, favours more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom-friend. Besides that when a friend is

* No. 22.

turned

turned into an enemy, and, as the son of Sirach calls him, "a bewrayer of secrets," the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as Discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other mens. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them

succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: Cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, Cunning is only the mimic of Discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him, because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supercedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes

are

are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general, the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that Discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy; or, to speak of her in the words of the Apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my last Saturday's Paper, "Wisdom is glorious; and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel; for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is perfection of wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought."

Tuesday,

Tuesday, November 20, 1711.*

Ω μαι ἴσθ' τι πάθω; τί οὐ δύστροπος; οὐχ' ὑπερβόης;
 Τὰν βλάταιν ἀποδύς εἰς κύματα τένα αἰλύμαι
 Ὡς τῆς θύνης σκοπιάζεται Ὀλπίς οὐ γρίπιος
 Κακὰ μὲν πάθων, τό γ' εἰ μὲν τίον αἶν' τίτυκται.

Theocr. Idyl. iii. 24.

“Wretch that I am! ah, whither shall I go?
 “Will you not hear me, nor regard my woe?
 “I’ll strip and throw me from yon rock so high,
 “Where Olpis sits to watch the scaly fry.
 “Should I be drown’d, or ’scape with life away,
 “If cur’d of love, you, tyrant, would be gay.”

IN my last Thursday’s Paper, I made mention of a place called The Lover’s Leap, which I find has raised a great curiosity among several of my correspondents. I there told them that this leap was used to be taken from a promontory of Leucas. This Leucas was formerly a part of Acarnania, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the sea has by length of time overflowed and washed away; so that at present Leucas is divided from the continent, and is a little island in the Ionian sea. The promontory of this island, from whence the lover took his leap, was formerly called Leucate. If the reader has a mind to know both the island and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient island of Leucas under the name of St Mauro, and the ancient promontory of Leucate under the name of The Cape of St Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I must observe that Theocritus in the motto prefixed to my Paper, describes one of his despairing shepherds addressing himself to his mistress after the following manner:

“Alas! What will become of me! Wretch that I

* No. 227.

“am!

" am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my cloathes,
 " and take a leap into that part of the sea which is so
 " much frequented by Olphis the fisherman. And
 " though I should escape with my life, I know you
 " will be pleased with it." I shall leave it with the
 Criticks to determine whether the place, which this
 shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-
 mentioned Leucate, or at least some other Lover's
 Leap, which was supposed to have had the same effect.
 I cannot believe, as all the interpreters do, that the
 shepherd means nothing farther here than that he
 would drown himself, since he represents the issue of
 his leap as doubtful, by adding, that if he should es-
 cape with life, he knows his mistress would be pleased
 with it; which is, according to our interpretation, that
 she would rejoice any way to get rid of a lover who was
 so troublesome to her.

After this short preface, I shall present my reader
 with some letters which I have received upon this sub-
 ject. The first is sent me by a physician.

Mr SPECTATOR,

THE Lover's Leap, which you mention in your
 223d paper, was generally, I believe, a very ef-
 fectual cure for love, and not only for love, but for
 all other evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such
 a leap as that which Hero took to get rid of her pas-
 sion for Leander. A man is in no danger of break-
 ing his heart, who breaks his neck to prevent it.
 I know very well the wonders which ancient authors
 relate concerning this leap; and in particular, that
 very many persons who tried it, escaped not only
 with their lives but their limbs. If by this means they
 got rid of their love, though it may in part be ascrib-
 ed to the reasons you give for it; why may not we
 suppose that the cold bath into which they plunged
 themselves had also some share in their cure? A
 leap into the sea or into any creek of salt waters, very
 often gives a new motion to the spirits, and a new
 turn to the blood; for which reason we prescribe it
 in

‘ in distempers which no other medicine will reach. I
 ‘ could produce a quotation out of a very venerable
 ‘ author, in which the frenzy produced by love is
 ‘ compared to that which is produced by the biting of
 ‘ a mad dog. But as this comparison is a little too
 ‘ coarse for your Paper, and might look as if it were
 ‘ cited to ridicule the author who has made use of it;
 ‘ I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider
 ‘ whether, if the frenzy produced by these two differ-
 ‘ ent causes be of the same nature, it may not proper-
 ‘ ly be cured by the same means.

‘ I am, SIR,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ and Well-wisher,

‘ ÆSCULAPIUS.

‘ Mr SPECTATOR,

‘ I AM a young woman crossed in love. My story
 ‘ is very long and melancholy. To give you the
 ‘ heads of it : A young gentleman, after having made
 ‘ his applications to me for three years together, and
 ‘ filled my head with a thousand dreams of happiness,
 ‘ some few days since married another. Pray tell me
 ‘ in what part of the world your promontory lies,
 ‘ which you call The Lover’s Leap, and whether one
 ‘ may go to it by land ? But, alas, I am afraid it has
 ‘ lost its virtue, and that a woman of our times would
 ‘ find no more relief in taking such a leap, than in
 ‘ singing an Hymn to Venus. So that I must cry out
 ‘ with Dido in Dryden’s Virgil :

‘ Ah ! cruel heaven, that made no cure for love !

‘ Your disconsolate servant,

‘ ATHENAIUS.

‘ MISTER SPECTATOR,

‘ MY heart is so full of loves and passions for Mrs
 ‘ Gwinifrid, and she is so pettish and over-run
 ‘ with

‘with cholers against me, that if I had the good hap-
 ‘piness to have my dwelling (which is placed by my
 ‘creat-cranfather upon the pottom of an hill) no far-
 ‘ther distance but twenty mile from the Loser’s Leap;
 ‘I would indeed endeafour to preak my neck upon it
 ‘on purpose. Now good Mister SPICATUR of Creat
 ‘Pritain, you must know it, there is in Caernarvan-
 ‘shire a very pig mountain, the clory of all Wales,
 ‘which is named Penmainmaure, and you must also
 ‘know, it is no great journey on foot for me; but the
 ‘road is stony and bad for shooes. Now, there is u-
 ‘pon the forehead of this mountain a very high rock,
 ‘(like a parish steeple) that cometh a huge deal over
 ‘the sea; so when I am in my melancholies, and I
 ‘do throw myself from it, I do desire my fery good
 ‘friend to tell me in his Spicatur, if I shall be cure of
 ‘my grievous loscs; for there is the sea clear as glas,
 ‘and as creen as the leek. Then likewise if I be drown,
 ‘and preak my neck, if Mrs Gwinifrid will not lose
 ‘me afterwards. Pray be speedy in your answers, for
 ‘I am in creat haste, and it is my tesires to do my pu-
 ‘siness without los of time. I remain with cordial
 ‘affections, your ever losing friend,

‘DAVYTH AP SHENKYN.

‘P. S. My law-suits have brought me to London,
 ‘but I have lost my causes; and so have made my re-
 ‘solutions to go down and leap before the frosts bcgin;
 ‘for I am apt to take colds.’

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love
 than sober advice, and I am of opinion, that Hudibras
 and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the ex-
 travagancies of this passion, as any of the old philoso-
 phers. I shall therefore publish very speedily the tran-
 slation of a little Greek manuscript, which is sent me
 by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece
 of those records which were kept in the temple of A-
 pollo, that stood upon the promontory of Leucate. The
 reader will find it to be a summary account of several
 Vol. II. T t persons

persons who tried the Lover's Leap, and of the success they found in it. As there seem to be in it some anachronisms and deviations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of those Grecian sophisters, who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature. I speak this by way of precaution, because I know there are several writers, of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expose my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment.

Thursday, November 22, 1711*.

—*Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æolæ fidibus puella.*

Hor. 4. Od. ix. 10.

“Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay,
“Her living songs preserve their charming art,
“Her ‘verse’ still breathes the passions of her heart.”

FRANCIS.

AMong the many famous pieces of antiquity which are still to be seen at Rome, there is the trunk of a statue which has lost the arms, legs, and head; but discovers such an exquisite workmanship in what remains of it, that Michael Angelo declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his statues, and even his pictures in that gusto, to make use of the Italian phrase; for which reason this maimed statue is still called Michael Angelo's School.

A fragment of Sappho, which I design for the subject of this Paper, is in as great reputation among the poets and critics, as the mutilated figure abovementioned is among the statuaries and painters. Several of our countrymen, and Mr Dryden in particular, seem very

* No. 229.

often

often to have copied after it in their dramatic writings, and in their poems upon love.

Whatever might have been the occasion of this Ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting by his mistress. I shall set to view three different copies of this beautiful original: The first is a translation by Catullus, the second by Monsieur Boileau, and the last by a gentleman whose translation of the "Hymn to Venus" has been so deservedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

*Ille mi par esse Deo videtur
Ille, si fas est, superare Divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat, & audit*

*Dulce ridentem; misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mihi
Quod loquar amens.*

*Lingua sed torpet: tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat: sonitu suo pte
Tinniunt aures: gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.*

My learned reader will know very well the reason why one of these verses is printed in Roman letters; and if he compares this translation with the original, will find that the three first stanzas are rendered almost word for word, and not only with the same elegance, but with the same short turn of expression which is so remarkable in the Greek, and so peculiar to the Sapphic Ode. I cannot imagine for what reason Madam Dacier has told us, that this Ode of Sappho is preserved entire in Longinus, since it is manifest to any one who looks into that author's quotation of it, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second translation of this fragment which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur Boileau.

*Heureux ! qui pres de toi, pour toi seule soupire :
Qui jouit du plaisir de l'entendre parler :
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.
Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'egaler ?*

*Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tot que je te vois :
Et dans les doux transports, ou s'egare mon ame,
Je ne scaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.*

*Un nuage confus se repand sur ma vue,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langesurs ;
Et pale, sans haleine, interdite, eperdue,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.*

The Reader will see that this is rather an imitation than a translation. The circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In short, Monsieur Boileau has given us all the poetry, but not all the passion of this famous fragment. I shall, in the last place, present my reader with the English translation.

I.

“ Blest as th’ immortal Gods is he,
“ The youth who fondly sits by thee,
“ And hears and sees thee all the while
“ Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

“ ’Twas this depriv’d my soul of rest,
“ And rais’d such tumults in my breast :
“ For while I gaz’d in transport tost,
“ My breath was gone, my voice was lost :

III.

“ My bosom glow’d ; the subtle flame
“ Ran quick through all my vital frame ;

“ O’er

„ O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
 „ My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

„ In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd ;
 „ My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
 „ My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
 „ I fainted, funk, and dy'd away.”

Instead of giving any character of this last translation, I shall desire my learned reader to look into the criticisms which Longinus has made upon the original. By that means he will know to which of the translations he ought to give the preference, I shall only add, that this translation is written in the very spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed that this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such an hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the phrenzies of love.

I wonder, that not one of the critics or editors, through whose hands this Ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by Plutarch. That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erasistratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learnt from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince when those symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress. The Story of Antiochus is so well known, that I need not add the sequel of it, which has no relation to my present subject.

Saturday,

„ O'er

Saturday, November 24, 1711*.

O Pudor ! O Pietas——

“ *O modesty ! O piety !*”

Looking over the letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it myself, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

‘ *Mr SPECTATOR,*

‘ **Y**OU, who are no stranger to public assemblies, cannot but have observed the awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any talent before them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to which ingenious minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve some remarks in your Paper. Many a brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmost disorder upon making a speech before a body of his friends at home. One would think there was some kind of fascination in the eyes of a large circle of people, when darting altogether upon one person. I have seen a new actor in a tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce able to speak or move, and have expected he would have died above three acts before the dagger or cup of poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a ghost, or a statue, until he recovered his spirits, and grew fit for some living part.

‘ As this sudden desertion of one’s self shews a diffidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest respect to an audience that can

*No. 231.

‘ be.

‘ be. It is a sort of mute eloquence, which pleads for
 ‘ their favour much better than words could do; and
 ‘ we find their generosity naturally moved to support
 ‘ those who are in so much perplexity to entertain
 ‘ them. I was extremely pleased with a late in-
 ‘ stance of this kind at the Opera of *Almahide*, in the
 ‘ encouragement given to a young singer, whose more
 ‘ than ordinary concern on her first appearance, re-
 ‘ commended her no less than her agreeable voice, and
 ‘ just performance. Meer bashfulness without merit
 ‘ is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent.
 ‘ But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance,
 ‘ and generally meets with as many patrons as be-
 ‘ holders.

‘ I am &c.’

It is impossible that a person should exert himself to advantage in an assembly, whether it be his part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great oppressions of Modesty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our discourse led us into the enumeration of the several organs of speech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the nose, the palate, and the windpipe. Upon which, says my friend, you have omitted the most material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.

But notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us, that he never liked an orator, who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks. My correspondent has taken notice that the bravest men often appear timorous on these occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there

there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.

—*Lingua melior, sed frigida bello*

Dextera—

Virg. *Æn.* xi. 338.

—“Bold at the council board;

But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword.”

DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of Drances in Virgil; as Homer, to express a man both timorous and faucy, makes use of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings; namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer.

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, That if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corps should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before

before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex, was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

If modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

Seneca thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept, That when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that Cato stands before us and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After these reflections on modesty, as it is a virtue; I must observe, that there is a vicious modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to act up to his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surprised in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he was sent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his head, after having disclosed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward shew of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shame-faced people, as what would disparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is such a poorness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate abject

state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious modesty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, or by those perfections which are; or, to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate Cæsar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels.

Tuesday, November 27, 1711 *.

—*Tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.*

Virg. Eccl. x. 60.

“As if by these my sufferings I could ease,
“Or by my pains the God of Love appease.”

DRYDEN.

I Shall, in this paper, discharge myself of the promise I have made to the public, by obliging them with a translation of the little Greek manuscript, which is said to have been a piece of those records that were preserved in the temple of Apollo upon the promontory of Leucate. It is a short history of the Lover's Leap, and is inscribed, “An account of persons, male and female, who offered up their vows in the Temple of the Pythian Apollo in the forty-sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the Promontory of Leucate into the lo-

*No. 233.

“nian

SPECTATOR.

‘ nian Sea; in order to cure themselves of the passion
“ of Love.”

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an abridgement of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case, or in the cure, or in the fate of the person who is mentioned in it. After this short preface, take the account as follows.

Battus, the son of Menalcas the Sicilian, leaped for Bombyca the musician: got rid of his passion with the loss of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melissa, in love with Daphnis; very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynisca, the wife of Æschines, being in love with Lycus; and Æschines, her husband, being in love with Eurilla; (which had made this married couple very uneasy to one another for several years) both the husband and the wife took the leap by consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a virgin of Thessaly, deserted by Plexippus, after a courtship of three years; she stood upon the brow of the promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other presents which she had received from Plexippus, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a silver Cupid in the temple of Apollo.

Simatha, in love with Daphnis the Mydian, perished in the fall.

Charixus, the brother of Sappho, in love with Rhodope the courtesan, having spent his whole estate upon her, was advised by his sister to leap in the beginning

of his amour, but would not hearken to her until he was reduced to his last talent; being forsaken by Rhodope, at length resolved to take the leap. Perished in it. *Æridæus*, a beautiful youth of Epirus, in love with *Praxinoë*, the wife of *Thespis*, escaped without damage, saving only that two of his foreteeth were struck out, and his nose a little flattened.

Cleora, a widow of *Ephesus*, being inconsolable for the death of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, she there met with *Dimmachus* the Miletian, and after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of *Apollo*.

N. B. Her widow's weeds are still seen hanging up in the western corner of the temple.

Olphis, the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from *Thestylis* the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing lovers to this leap; being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of *Sparta*, broke her neck in the fall.

Hipparchus, being passionately fond of his own wife, who was enamoured of *Bathyllus*, leaped, and died of his fall; upon which his wife married her gallant.

Tettyx, the dancing-master, in love with *Olympia* an Athenian matron, threw himself from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras, the usurer, in love with his cook-maid; he peeped several times over the precipice, but his heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that evening.

Cinædus, after having entered his own name in the *Pythian* records, being asked the name of the person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

Eunica, a maid of *Paphos*, aged nineteen, in love with *Eurybates*. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was the second time of her leaping.

Hesperus.

Hesperus, a young man of Tarentum, in love with his master's daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming in soon enough to his relief.

Sappho, the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the temple of Apollo, habited like a bride in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung an hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments, like a Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost summit of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians.

Alcaeus, the famous Lyric poet, who had for some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that Sappho had been there before him, and that her body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth Ode upon that occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad 250.

Males	124
Females	126

Cured

Cured 120

Males

51

Females

69

Thursday, November 29, 1711*.

Populares

Vincentem strepitus

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 81.

“Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit.”

ROSCOMMON,

There is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator than public shows and diversions; and as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who, when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. The person is commonly known by the name of the “Trunk-maker in the upper gallery.” Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artificers, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who, after the finishing of his day’s work, used to unbend his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises; and the rather because he is observed

* No. 235.

served to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the playhouse thunderer, that exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant with great attention to every thing that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence: after which, he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well timed, that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time, and if the audience is not yet awakened, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the play house, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him until such time as he recovered; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes plies
at

at the opera; and upon Nicolini's first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken plants upon Dogget, and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakespeare, without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

The players do not only connive at his obstreperous approbation, but very chearfully repair at their own cost whatever damages he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the music of a kettle drum, the project was laid aside.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience, that a person should thus preside over their heads like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses; or, to raise my simile, I have sometimes fancied the trunk maker in the upper gallery to be like Virgil's ruler of the winds, seated on the top of a mountain, who, when he struck his sceptre upon the side of it, roused an hurricane, and set the whole cavern in an uproar.

It is certain, the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it; so the actors do not value themselves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noise, when it has not the sound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the interest of a bad poet, or a vicious player; but this is a surmise which has no foundation. His strokes are always just, and his admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. The inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shew

shews the evidence and strength of its conviction. His zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren speculations, or in report of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make an humble proposal, that whenever the trunk-maker shall depart this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied critic should be advanced to this post, and have a competent salary settled on him for life, to be furnished with bamboos for operas, crabtree-cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the public expence. And to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and who could not, upon occasion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the trunk-maker may not be missed by our posterity.

Saturday, December 1, 1711*.

Visu carentem magna pars veri latet. Seneca in *Œdip.*

"They that are dim of sight, see truth by halves."

IT is very reasonable to believe, that part of the pleasure which happy minds shall enjoy in a future state, will arise from an enlarged contemplation of the divine wisdom in the government of the world, and a discovery of the secret and amazing steps of Providence,

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from

from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing seems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we consider that curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our most pleasing passions; and what a perpetual succession of enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our view in the society of superior spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that part of the punishment of such as are excluded from bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the same time vastly increased, without any satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain pursuit of knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their infelicity, and bewilder them into labyrinths of error, darkness, distraction, and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil state. Milton has thus represented the fallen angels reasoning together in a kind of respite from their torments, and creating to themselves a new disquiet amidst their very amusements; he could not properly have described the sports of condemned spirits, without that cast of horror and melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

- " Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
- " In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
- " Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
- " Fixt fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
- " And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

In our present condition, which is a middle state, our minds are, as it were, chequered with truth and falsehood; and as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impossible but our curiosity must meet with many repulses. The business of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the reason of the inquisitive has so long been exercised with difficulties, in account-

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ing for the promiscuous distribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence come all those pathetic complaints of so many tragical events, which happen to the wise and the good ; and of such surprising prosperity, which is often the lot of the guilty and the foolish ; that reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a dispensation.

Plato expresses his abhorrence of some fables of the poets, which seem to reflect on the Gods as the authors of injustice ; and lays it down as a principle, That whatever is permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty, sickness, or any of those things which seem to be evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will observe how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. Seneca has written a discourse purposely on this subject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the Stoics, to shew that adversity is not in itself an evil ; and mentions a noble saying of Demetrius, That “ no thing would be more unhappy than a man who had “ never known affliction.” He compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves his ruin ; but the affection of the Divine BEING to that of a wise father who would have his sons exercised with labour, disappointment, and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortitude. On this occasion, the philosopher rises into that celebrated sentiment, That there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a CREATOR intent on his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings ; to which he adds, That it must be a pleasure to Jupiter himself to look down from heaven, and see Cato amidst the ruins of his country preserving his integrity.

This thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human life as a state of probation, and adversity as the post of honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper situation to judge of the

counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant figure in holy writ, "We see but in part, and as in a glass darkly." It is to be considered, that Providence in its oeconomy regards the whole system of time and things together, so that we cannot discover the beautiful connection between incidents which lie widely separate in time, and by losing so many links of the chain, our reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those parts of the moral world which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in respect of some other parts concealed from us, but open to His eye before whom Past, Present, and To Come, are set together in one point of view: and those events, the permission of which seems now to accuse his goodness, may in the consummation of things both magnify his goodness, and exalt his wisdom. And this is enough to check our presumption, since it is in vain to apply our measures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the consequents, the beginning nor the end.

I shall relieve my readers from this abstracted thought, by relating here a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which seems to be a kind of parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great prophet, it is said, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme BEING, he was admitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his purse returns to search for it, and demands

demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his expostulation: 'Be not surpris'd, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffer'd this thing to come to pass: The child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know, that the old man whom thou sawest, was the murderer of that child's father.'

Tuesday, December 4, 1711.*

— *Bella, horida bella!*

Virg. *Æn.* vi. 86.

“ — Wars, horrid Wars!”

DRYDEN.

I HAVE sometimes amused myself with considering the several methods of managing a debate which have obtained in the world.

The first races of mankind use to dispute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild Logic, uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, until he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, seizes all the passes through which he can make an escape, and forces him to surrender at discretion.

Aristotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called syllogisms. As in the Socratic way of dispute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances, in the Aristotelic, you are still denying and contradicting some part or other of what he says. Socrates conquers you by

* No. 239,

stratagem,

stratagem, Aristotle by force. The one takes the town by sap, the other sword in hand.

The Universities of Europe, for many years, carried on their debates by syllogism, insomuch, that we see the knowledge of several centuries laid out into objections and answers; and all the good sense of the age cut and minced into almost an infinitude of distinctions.

When our Universities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure in Aristotle. It was called the *Argumentum Basiliunum* (others write it *Bacilinum*, or *Baculinum*) which is pretty well expressed in our English word Club-Law. When they were not able to confute their antagonist, they knocked him down. It was their method in these polemical debates, first to discharge their syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their clubs, until such time as they had one way or other confounded their gainsayers. There is in Oxford a narrow defile, (to make use of a military term) where the partisans used to encounter; for which reason it still retains the name of Logic-Lane. I have heard an old gentleman, a physician, make his boasts, that when he was a young fellow he marched several times at the head of a troop of Scotists, and cudgelled a body of Smiglesians, half the length of High-street, until they had dispersed themselves for shelter into their respective garrisons.

This humour, I find, went very far in Erasmus's time. For that author tells us, that upon the revival of Greek letters, most of the Universities in Europe were divided into Greeks and Trojans. The latter were those who bore a mortal enmity to the language of the Grecians, insomuch, that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. Erasmus himself had, it seems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of Trojans, who laid on him with so many blows and buffets, that he never forgot their hostilities to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by states and communities,

communities, when they draw up a hundred thousand disputants on each side, and convince one another by dint of sword. A certain Grand Monarch was so sensible of his strength in this way of reasoning, that he writ upon his great guns—*Ratio ultima regum*, The logic of Kings; but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old gentleman's saying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the Roman Emperors. Upon his friend's telling him, that he wondered he would give up the question, when he had visibly the better of the dispute; "I am never ashamed, says he, to be confuted by one who is master of fifty legions."

I shall but just mention another kind of reasoning, which may be called arguing by *poll*; and another which is of equal force, in which *wagers* are made use of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in Hudibras.

But the most notable way of managing a controversy, is that which we may call arguing by *torture*. This is a method of reasoning which has been made use of with the poor Refugees, and which was so fashionable in our country during the reign of Queen Mary, that in a passage of an author quoted by Monsieur Bayle, it is said the price of wood was raised in England, by reason of the executions that were made in Smithfield. These disputants convince their adversaries with a *sortes*, commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candour, sense, and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every scruple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several engines invented for that purpose. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, gallies, dungeons, fire and

and faggot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen Logic.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or, as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing, as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the SPECTATOR.

Thursday,

Thursday, December 6, 1711*.

Semperque relinqui

Sola sibi, semper longam incommittata videtur

Ire viam—

Virg. *Æn.* iv. 466.

“ All sad she seems, forsaken, and alone :

“ And left to wander wide thro’ paths unknown. P.

‘ MR SPECTATOR,

THOUGH you have considered virtuous love in most of its distresses, I do not remember that you have given us any dissertation upon the absence of lovers, or laid down any methods how they should support themselves under those long separations which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country, and may not possibly return for some years. His warm and generous affection while we were together, with the tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, make his absence almost insupportable. I think of him every moment of the day, and meet him every night in my dreams. Every thing I see puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with more than ordinary diligence to the care of his family and his estate ; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I frequent the rooms where I used to converse with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair, and fall a-weeping. I love to read the books he delighted in, and to converse with the persons whom he esteemed. I visit his picture a hundred times a-day, and place myself over-against it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the walks where I used to lean upon his arm,

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‘ and

‘ and recollect in my mind the discourses which have
 ‘ there passed between us : I look over the several pro-
 ‘ pects and points of view which we used to survey to-
 ‘ gether, fix my eye upon the objects which he has
 ‘ made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand
 ‘ agreeable remarks which he has made on those occa-
 ‘ sions. I write to him by every conveyance, and, con-
 ‘ trary to other people, am always in good-humour
 ‘ when an east wind blows, because it seldom fails of
 ‘ bringing me a letter from him. Let me intreat you,
 ‘ Sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion, and
 ‘ to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my
 ‘ widowhood.

‘ I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

‘ ASTERIA.’

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse. Ovid’s “ Epistles ” are full of them. Otway’s *Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this subject.

“ ——— It was not kind

“ To leave me like a turtle, here alone,

“ To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.

“ When thou art from me, every place is desert :

‘ And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.

“ Thy presence only ’tis can make me blest,

“ Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.”

ORPHAN, *Act II.*

The consolations of lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by Asteria, there are many other motives of comfort, which are made use of by absent lovers.

I remember in one of Scudery’s *Romances*, a couple of honourable lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half hour in the day to think of each other during a tedious absence. The *Romance* tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the time thus agreed

agreed upon; and that whatever company or business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the clock warned them to retire. The Romance further adds, that the lovers expected the return of this stated hour with as much impatience, as if it had been a real assignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happiness that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an unexpressible satisfaction to these divided lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employed in the same kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderness and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious expedient for the alleviating of absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that elegance of sentiments with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries. This was, at the return of such an hour to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

Strada, in one of his Prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain load-stone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a

certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

If Monsieur Scudery, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two lovers of a couple of those above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the lover's dial-plate there should be written, not only the four and twenty letters, but several entire words, which have always a place in passionate epistles, as flames, darts, die, language, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single touch of the needle.

Saturday

Saturday, December 8, 1711*.

*Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, & tanquam faciem
Honesti vides: quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores
(ut ait Plato) excitaret Sapientia.* Tull. Offic.

"You see, my son Marcus, the very shape and countenance, as it were, of Virtue; which if it could be made the object of sight, would (as Plato says) excite in us a wonderful love of Wisdom."

I Do not remember to have read any discourse written expressly upon the beauty and loveliness of virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this speculation as an essay upon that subject, in which I shall consider virtue no farther than as it is in itself of an amiable nature, after having premised, that I understand by the word Virtue such a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of Religion, and by men of the world under the name of Honour.

Hypocrisy itself does great honour, or rather justice to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

We learn from Hierocles, it was a common saying among the heathens, that the wise man hates no body, but only loves the virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to shew how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man, says he, who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue,

* No 243.

tue,

tue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit. Nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story. Nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity, as in the instance of Pyrrhus, whom Tully mentions on this occasion in opposition to Hannibal. Such is the natural beauty and loveliness of virtue.

Stoicism, which was the pedantry of virtue, ascribes all good qualifications, of what kind soever, to the virtuous man. Accordingly Cato, in the character Tully has left of him, carried matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a philosophical rant than the real opinion of a wise man; yet this was what Cato very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the excellence of Virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all possible perfections; and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently beautiful in itself, but that it made the very body amiable, and banished every kind of deformity from the person in whom it resided.

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense of goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different character; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the fair sex, than those who by their very admiration of it are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence,

and, in short, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For which reason, even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of Virtue, which shew her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are chearfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can suffer their aversion for a party to blot out all the merit of the person who is engaged in it. A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are not men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppose one another in some particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to those qualities which are of so amiable a nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the points in dispute. Men of virtue, though of different interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the same civil concerns. We should bear the same love towards a man of honour, who is a living antagonist, which Tully tells us in the forementioned passage every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I speak this with an eye to those cruel treatments which men of all sides are apt to give the characters of those who do not agree with them. How many persons of undoubted probity, and exemplary virtue, on either side, are blackened and defamed? How many
men

men of honour exposed to public obloquy and reproach? Those therefore who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as persons who make use of religion to promote their cause, not of their cause to promote religion.

Tuesday, December 11, 1711*.

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 338.

“Fictions, to please, should wear the face of truth.”

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an eye of mirth and pity as innocence, when it has in it a dash of folly. At the same time that one esteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the simplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the *dove*, without the least grain of the *serpent* in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions. The Cordeliers tell a story of their founder St Francis, that, as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, say they, lifted up his hands to heaven with a secret thanksgiving, that there was still so much christian charity in the world. The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover, for a salute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and if there be any use in these my papers, it is this, that without representing vice under any false alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into the ways of men, and represent human nature in all its changeable colours. The man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as Shakespeare expresses it, “hackney’d in the ways of men,” may here find a picture

* No. 245.

picture of its follies and extravagancies. The virtuous and the innocent may know in speculation what they could never arrive at by practice, and by this means avoid the snares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reasonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being viciated.

It is with an eye to my following correspondent, Mr Timothy Doodle, who seems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this short preface, to which I shall subjoin a letter from the said Mr Doodle.

S I R,

I Could heartily wish that you would let us know your opinion upon several innocent diversions which are in use among us, and which are very proper to pass away a winter night for those who do not care to throw away their time at an opera, or at the play-house. I would gladly know in particular, what notion you have of "Hot-Cockles;" as also whether you think that "Questions and Commands," Mottoes, Similes, and Cross Purposes, have not more mirth and wit in them than those public diversions which are grown so very fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our wives and daughters, who read your Papers with a great deal of pleasure, some of those sports and pastimes that may be practised within doors, and by the fire-side, we who are masters of families should be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would have these sports and pastimes not only merry but innocent, for which reason I have not mentioned either Whisk or Lanterloo, nor indeed so much as One-and-thirty. After having communicated to you my request upon this subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my wife and I pass away these tedious winter evenings with a great deal of pleasure. Though she be young and handsome, and good-humoured to a miracle, she does not care for gadding abroad like others of her sex. There is a very friendly man, a colonel in the army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his civilities, that comes to see me almost every night; for he is not

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‘ one of those giddy young fellows that cannot live out
 ‘ of a play-house. When we are together, we very of-
 ‘ ten make a party at blind-man’s buff, which is a sport
 ‘ that I like the better, because there is a good deal of
 ‘ exercise in it. The colonel and I are blinded by turns,
 ‘ and you would laugh your heart out to see what pains
 ‘ my dear takes to hoodwink us, so that it is impossible
 ‘ for us to see the least glimpse of light. The poor
 ‘ colonel sometimes hits his nose against a post, and
 ‘ makes us die with laughing. I have generally the
 ‘ good luck not to hurt myself, but am very often a-
 ‘ bove half an hour before I can catch either of them;
 ‘ for you must know we hide ourselves up and down
 ‘ in corners, that we may have the more sport. I on-
 ‘ ly give you this hint as a sample of such innocent di-
 ‘ versions as I would have you recommend; and am,

‘ Most esteemed S I R,

‘ Your ever loving friend,

‘ TIMOTHY DOODLE.’

The following letter was occasioned by my last Thurs-
 day’s paper upon the absence of lovers, and the method
 therein mentioned of making such absence support-
 able.

S I R,

‘ **A**mong the several ways of consolation which
 ‘ absent lovers make use of while their souls
 ‘ are in that state of departure, which you say is death
 ‘ in love, there are some very material ones that have
 ‘ escaped your notice. Among these, the first and
 ‘ most received is a Crooked Shilling, which has
 ‘ administered great comfort to our forefathers, and
 ‘ is still made use of on this occasion with very good
 ‘ effect in most parts of her majesty’s dominions. There
 ‘ are some, I know, who think a Crown-piece cut into
 ‘ two equal parts, and preserved by the distant lovers,
 ‘ is of more sovereign virtue than the former. But
 ‘ since opinions are divided in this particular, why
 may

‘ may not the same person make use of both? The figure of a Heart, whether cut in stone or cast in metal, whether bleeding upon an altar, stuck with darts, or held in the hand of a Cupid, has always been looked upon as Talismanic in distresses of this nature. I am acquainted with many a brave fellow, who carries his mistress in the lid of his snuff-box, and by that expedient has supported himself under the absence of a whole campaign. For my own part, I have tried all these remedies, but never found so much benefit from any as from a ring, in which my mistress’s hair is platted together very artificially in a kind of true-lover’s-knot. As I have received great benefit from this secret, I think myself obliged to communicate it to the public for the good of my fellow-subjects. I desire you will add this letter as an appendix to your consolations upon absence, and am,

‘ Your very humble servant, T. B.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter from an university gentleman, occasioned by my last Tuesday’s paper, wherein I gave some account of the great feuds which happened formerly in those learned bodies, between the modern Greeks and Trojans.

S I R,

‘ THIS will give you to understand, that there is at present in the society, whereof I am a member, a very considerable body of Trojans, who, upon a proper occasion, would not fail to declare ourselves. In the mean while we do all we can to annoy our enemies by stratagem, and are resolved by the first opportunity to attack Mr Joshua Barnes, whom we look upon as the Achilles of the opposite party. As for myself, I have had the reputation, ever since I came from school, of being a trusty Trojan, and am resolved never to give quarter to the smallest particle of Greek wherever I chance to meet it. It is for this reason I take it very ill of you, that you sometimes

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hang

‘ hang out Greek colours at the head of your Paper,
 ‘ and sometimes give a word of the enemy even in the
 ‘ body of it. When, I meet with any thing of this na-
 ‘ ture, I throw down your Speculations upon the table,
 ‘ with that form of words which we make use of when
 ‘ we declare war upon an author,

Gratum est; non potest legi.

‘ I give you this hint, that you may for the future ab-
 ‘ stain from any such hostilities at your peril.

‘ TROILUS.’

Thursday, December 13, 1711.*

— Τὸν δ' ἀναγνῶσκειν οὐ δύνα-
 Ex somnato nō illa —

“ Their untir'd lips a wordy torrent pour.”

WE are told by some ancient authors, that So-
 crates was instructed in eloquence by a woman,
 whose name, if I am not mistaken, was Aspasia. I
 have indeed very often looked upon that art as the
 most proper for the female sex, and I think the
 Universities would do well to consider whether they
 should not fill the rhetoric chairs with *SHE* Professors.

It has been said in the praise of some men, that
 they could talk whole hours together upon any thing;
 but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex,
 that there are many among them who can talk whole
 hours together upon nothing. I have known a wo-
 man branch out into a long *extempore* dissertation up-
 on the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant
 for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetorics.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of Judica-
 ture, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence
 of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at.
 If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those

* No. 247.

debates

debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the "British Fishery."

The first kind therefore of Female Orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions, a part of rhetoric in which Socrates his wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The second kind of female Orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of Censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another? With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases, will they tell over the same story? I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and, in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the word Gossips. Mrs Fiddle Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon an head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak.

The Coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of Female Orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks
to

to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room. She has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The Coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of Oratory which is called Action, and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose, but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

As for news-mongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women; for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts, as men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think, and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the Cartesians, for the supporting of their doctrine, that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion that the fair sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better reason. In order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me by the first opportunity to dissect a woman's Tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it so wonderfully voluble or flippant, or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread, or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations; or whether, in the last place, there may not be certain undiscovered channels running from the head and the heart, to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluence of animal spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which

Hudibras

Hudibras has given, why those who can talk on trifle^s speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse, which runs the faster the lesser weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the Irishman's thought was very natural, who, after some hours conversation with a Female Orator, told her that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old Ballad of The wanton Wife of Bath, has the following remarkable lines,

I think, quoth Thomas, womens tongues
Of aspen leaves are made.

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, That when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture.

———*Comprensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense fero, Radix micat ultima lingua.
Ipsa jacet, terraque tremens immurmurat atra :
Utique salire solet mutilata cauda colubra*

Palpitat———

Mct. vi. 556.

———" The blade had cut
" Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling root;
" The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,
" Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound ;
" And, as a serpent writhes his wounded train,
" Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain."

CROXALL.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech and accomplices of sound about it ; I might here mention the story of the Pippin-woman, had not I some reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at by this dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, gossiping and coquetry. In short. I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.

Saturday, December 15, 1711*.

Τέλος αμύθητον εν βροτοῖς δεινόν κακόν.

Frag. Vet. Poet.

“ Mirth out of season is a griveous ill.”

WHEN I make the choice of a subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an Essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation, all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have in my forty-seventh paper raised a speculation on the notion of a modern Philosopher, who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we laugh at; or, in other words, that satisfaction which

we receive from the opinion of some preheminance in ourselves, when we see the absurdities of another, or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe, that the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the church of Rome, on those words of the wise man, "I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What does it?" upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul: and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters: but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues; and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least beauty of their own.

own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy in human life.

We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the Ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggrel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes, the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's Gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like that of the Dispensary; or in doggrel, like that of Hudibras. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggrel.

If Hudibras had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggrel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does, though

though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shews that we naturally regard laughter, as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason likewise Venus has gained the title of *gymnastês*, the laughter-loving dame, as Waller has translated it, and is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter. Milton, in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter: His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set down the passage at length:—

“ But come, thou goddess fair and free;
 “ In heaven yclep’d Euphrosyne,
 “ And by men, Heart-easing Mirth,
 “ Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
 “ With two sister graces more;
 “ To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
 “ Hasten thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 “ Jest and youthful Jollity,
 “ Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 “ Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 “ Such as hang on Hebe’s cheek,
 “ And love to live in dimple sleek;
 “ Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 “ And Laughter holding both his sides:
 “ Come, and trip it, as you go,
 “ On the light fantastic toe;
 “ And in thy right hand lead with thee
 “ The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 “ And if I give thee honour due,
 “ Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 “ To live with her, and live with thee,
 “ In unreprieved pleasures free.”

L’Allegro, v. 11. &c.

Tuesday

Tuesday, December 18, 1711.

— *Lingua centum sunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea vox. — Virg. *Æn.* vi. 625.

— “A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
 “And throats of brass inspir’d with iron lungs.”

DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares, that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying any thing further of it.

S I R,

I Am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to any thing for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack, and a projector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

The post I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-General

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neral of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules and discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

The Cries of London may be divided into Vocal and Instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twanking of a brass-kettle or frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking-in of a thief. The Sowgelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licenced, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's liege subjects.

Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold at a note above E-la, and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The Chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the Retailers of Small-coal, not to mention broken Glasses, or Brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerate tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares: and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of Card-matches, to whom

‘ whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of, Much cry, but little Wool.

‘ Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract? Why, the whole tribe of Card-match-makers which frequent that quarter passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

‘ It is another great imperfection in our London Cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our News should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as Fire. Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an incampment, a Dutch, a Portugal or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in Turnip-Season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

‘ There are others who affect a very slow time, and are, in my opinion, much more tuneable than the former. The Cooper in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have ‘ *any Chairs to mend?*’ Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

‘ I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of Dill and Cucumbers ; but, alas, this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

‘ It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humours are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own : such as was, not many years since, the Pastry man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff ; and such as is at this day the vender of Powder and Wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Watt.

‘ I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their Cries very often, not only incommensurable, but altogether useless to the public. I mean, that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of Crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers I will not take upon me to say ; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in, rather by their tunes than by their words ; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissars. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a Cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession ; for who else can know, that “ Work if I had it,” should be the signification of a Corn-cutter.

‘ For as much therefore as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper, that some man of good sense and sound judgement should preside over these Public Cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices
‘ in

in our streets, that have not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the croud, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post; and if I meet with sitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the Public.

I am, S I R, &c.

RALPH CROTCHET.

Thursday, December 20, 1711*.

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.*

HOR. I Ep. ii. 75.

I feel my honest indignation rise,
When with affected air a coxcomb cries;
The work, I own, has elegance and ease,
But sure no modern should pretend to please?

FRANCIS.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavour to sink that to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and

* No 253.

celebrated

celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca, and Ovid, we know that Bavius and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of destruction with which he makes his entrance into the world: but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works!

But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
 'Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
 Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
 Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
 Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
 Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem; I mean, *The Art of Criticism*, which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some

of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful; or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those critics who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would see how the best of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian, and Longinus, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned Longinus, who in his reflections has given us the same kind of sublime which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce

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duce two or three instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness which some readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses:—

These Equal Syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten slow words oft creep in one dull line.

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive *do* in the third, and ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this passage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may observe the following lines in the same view:—

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

And afterwards,

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense,
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar,
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

The beautiful distich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines puts me in mind of a description in Homer's *Odyssey*, which none of the critics have taken notice of. It is where Sisyphus is represented lifting the stone up the hill, which is no sooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the stone is admirably described in the numbers of these verses; as in the four first it is heaved up by several Spondees intermixed with proper breathing places, and at last trundles down in a continued line of Dactyls.

Καί μιν Σίσυφον πεισίδον, κρατερ' αλγί' ἐχονίᾳ,
 Λααν βαταζοντ' ἐπιχαρίον ἀμφοτέρωθεν.

Ἦτοι ὁ μιν σκεριπτόμενος χερσίν τι ποσὶν τι,

Λααν ἀνὰ ὀπίσκει ποτὶ λόφον. ἀλλ' ὅτι μίλλοι

Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλὺν, τοτ' ἀπογραφάσκει Κραταῖς,

Αὐτὶς ἐπιπτα πιδόνει κύλινδρον λάας ἀναίδης.

Odyss. l. 11:

‘ I turn’d my eye, and as I turn’d survey’d
 ‘ A mournful vision ! the Sisyphian shade :
 ‘ With many a weary step, and many a groan,
 ‘ Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone :
 ‘ The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
 ‘ Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
 ‘ ground.’ POPE.

It would be endless to quote verses out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers ; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to shew several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in its kind; the “ Essay on translated verse,” the “ Essay on the art of poetry,” and the “ Essay upon criticism.”

Saturday, December 22, 1711*.

*Laudis amore tumes ? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
 Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

Hor. Ep: 1. lib. v. ver. 46.

[IMITATED.]

Know, there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply’d)
 Will cure the arrant’st puppy of his pride. POPE.

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passions,
 is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its
 resolves,

* No. 255.

resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecutions of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized. Now, since the proper and genuine motives to these, and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but small improvements in the world, were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men. And such a principle is ambition or a desire of fame, by which great endowments are not suffered to ly idle and useless to the public, and many vicious men over-reached as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations, in a glorious and laudable course of action. For we may farther observe, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition; and that, on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it: whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience; or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world, and a torment to himself.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit,

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration
of

of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a level, and observes a kind of proportion in its dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every person from being mean and deficient in his qualifications; than of making any single one eminent, or extraordinary.

Among those who are the most richly endowed by nature, and accomplished by their own industry, how few are there whose virtues are not obscured by the ignorance, prejudice, or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot discern between a noble and a mean action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false end or intention; and others purposely misrepresent, or put a wrong interpretation on them. But the more to enforce this consideration, we may observe, that those are generally most unsuccessful in their pursuit after fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is Sallust's remark upon Cato, that the less he coveted glory, the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate desire of fame in the ambitious man, (as no temper of mind is more apt to shew itself) they become sparing and reserved in their commendations, they envy him the satisfaction of an applause, and look on their praises rather as a kindness done to his person, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverseness of temper, grow wary in their praises of one who sets too great a value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

But farther, this desire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private, lest his deserts should be concealed from the notice of the world, or

receive

receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain, fantastical recitals of his own performances. His discourse generally leans one way, and, whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never so glorious, they lose their lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured, when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very desire of fame is looked upon as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul, looks down, with a generous neglect, on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us, in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vain-glory, and a desire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind, to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of Him who made us.

Thus is fame, a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it; since most men have so much either of ill-nature, or of wariness, as not to gratify or soothe the vanity of the ambitious man;

man; and since this very thirst after fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper.

Monday, December 24, 1711.*

Φαμη γαρ τι κακον ηλπιται κυρη μιν παρση

*Ειναι μολ, αρχαιον δε φησιν—

Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain,
A sad oppression to be borne with pain.

THERE are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own indeferts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them, and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him, that will nar-

* No. 256.

rowly

rowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased, when they have taken him in the worst, and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment, which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admire. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity, to see themselves superior, in some respects, to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or raising an imaginary applause to themselves, for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit, sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the common stamp never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be, that we think it shews greater art to expose and turn to ridicule, a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge, to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure

reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised him, self above us, in the reports, and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not, always, the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character, or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses, as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all, it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through, and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear, amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities as are no small diminution to it when discovered; especially, when they are so industriously proclaimed and aggravated by such as were once his superiors, or equals; by such as would set to show their judgement or their wit, and by such as are guilty, or innocent, of the same slips.

slips or misconducts in their own behaviour!

But were there none of these dispositions in others to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation, in all its height and splendour. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that, however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected of him: but, on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of inquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would be still the more surprized to see so many restless candidates for glory.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought. It is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for, can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest: but fame is a good so wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire, placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while, with a giddy kind of pleasure, but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much

satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprises. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumstance in Cæsar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which Cicero tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame. *Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their pursuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the disappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age; but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the desire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which those are free from who have no such a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no praise where he expected it? Nay, how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do, unless increased by flattery, since few men have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves? But if the ambitious man can be so much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? for the same temper of mind which makes him desire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of men, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little therefore is the happiness of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind? Especially when we consider that the world is
more

more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of fame, than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it. For though the presence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable; because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting: and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but we are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected, and humbled even by their praises.

Tuesday, December 25, 1711.*

— 'Ουχ' ἰσθεις Διος

'Οφθαλμος ἰσχυς δ' ἴσι καὶ πικρὸν πονεῖ.

Incert: ex Stob.

No slumber seals the eye of Providence,
resent to every action we commence.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have first of

* No. 257.

all

all considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our mind such a principle of action. I have, in the next place, shewn, from many considerations, first, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. I shall, in the last place, shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fullness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end, that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it, "fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore."

How the pursuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I shall leave the reader to collect from the three following considerations:

First, Because the strong desire of fame breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Because many of those actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments, both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

These three propositions are self-evident, to those who are versed in speculations of morality. For which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of speculation.

From what has already been observed, I think we may make a very natural conclusion, that it is the greater folly to seek the praise or approbation of any being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two reasons; because no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits: and because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other being.

In the first place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits. Created beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour: but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward representation: many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without noise or show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can express the entire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man? That secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition? that inward pleasure and complacency which he feels in doing good? that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another? these and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in his sight, from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and showing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumstances, for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor lie concealed in the flourishing times of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action. He discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions, which they

they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixt a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and designing to one, which make him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object; so that on this account also, HE is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But further, it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never shew the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only shew us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies, that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last entire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, until it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see, that none but the Supreme being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward actions; which can never give them a just estimate

mate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of shewing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or, should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or, though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the degree, strength, and perfection of those principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his desire of fame this way; and that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider, that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him, in the presence of the whole creation, that best and most significant of applause, *Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy.*

VOL. II.

3 D

Saturday,

Saturday, December 29, 1711.*

Ταυτος υπ αυθαιρετον αυταυτου κειται. Frag. Vet. Poet.
Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace.

MY father, whom I mentioned in my first speculation, and whom I must always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the subject of marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtship of a person who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my first approaches seem to have any aversion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from shewing myself to the best advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly fellow, and being resolved to regard merit more than any thing else in the persons who made their applications to her, she married a captain of dragoons, who happened to be beating up for recruits in those parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an aversion to pretty fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair-sex. The observations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man above-mentioned, have produced the following essay upon love and marriage.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved, kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing motions of the soul rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man who is not in love, to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences, and resentments, that render a man

unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides, that it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy, that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root, and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate: where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniencies and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise, but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder, when the first heats of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife and husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be imbittered with fears and jealousies.

Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife, or husband. Where we meet one person with all these

accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than consult our proper interests; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life, with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore discretion and good nature are to shew their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

Monday

Monday December, 31, 1711.

Nulla venenata littera mista joco est.

Ovid. Trist. ii. 566.

ADAPTED.

My Paper flows from no satyric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain.

I Think myself highly obliged to the public for their kind acceptance of a Paper which visits them every morning, and has in it none of those *seasonings* that recommend so many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As, on the one side, my Paper has not in it a single word of news, a reflection in politics, nor a stroke of party; so on the other, there are no fashionable touches of infidelity, no obscene ideas, no satires upon priesthood, marriage, and the like popular topicks of ridicule; no private scandal, nor any thing that may tend to the defamation of particular persons, families, or societies.

There is not one of those abovementioned subjects that would not sell a very indifferent Paper, could I think of gratifying the public by such mean and base methods. But notwithstanding I have rejected every thing that favours of party, every thing that is loose and immoral, and every thing that might create uneasiness in the minds of particular persons, I find that the demand of my Papers has increased every month since their first appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect so much honour upon myself, as on my readers, who give a much greater attention to discourses of virtue and morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

No. 262.

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When I broke loose from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating vice and irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of fellow, that had a mind to appear singular in my way of writing: but the general reception I have found, convinces me that the world is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those men of parts who have been employed in vitiating the age, had endeavoured to rectify and amend it, they needed not have sacrificed their good sense and virtue, to their fame and reputation. No man is so sunk in vice and ignorance, but there are still some hidden seeds of goodness and knowledge in him; which give him a relish of such reflections and speculations as have an aptness to improve the mind, and make the heart better.

I have shewn in a former Paper, with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, obscene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons. For this reason, when I draw any faulty character, I consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications. If I write any thing on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent persons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and should therefore scorn to divert my reader at the expence of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular person's reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to those who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myself merry even with a piece of pasteboard that is invested with a public

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public character; for which reason I have never glanced upon the late designed procession of his Holiness and his attendants, notwithstanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous speculations. Among those advantages, which the public may reap from this Paper, it is not the least, that it draws mens minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subjects of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion. This is said to have been the first design of those gentlemen who set on foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greatest geniuses of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politics with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions were thrown out to those busy spirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation, that I have forbore mentioning even such authors as I could not name with honour. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial; for as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this Paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellencies in the writers of my own time, than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the mean while, I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they would break all measures with me so far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances

mances with an impartial eye. Nor shall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticise the author so long as I keep clear of the person.

In the mean while, 'till I am provoked to such hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out such beauties in their works as may have escaped the observation of others.

As the first place among our English poets is due to Milton; and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every Saturday 'till I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticism is of a very large extent, and every particular master in this art has his favourite passages in an author, which do not equally strike the best judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent writers publish their discoveries on the same subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my papers of criticism in the spirit which Horace has expressed in those two famous lines;

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*

i Ep. vi. ult.

'If you have made any better remarks of your own, communicate them with candour; if not, make use of these I present you with.'

Thursday

Thursday, January 3, 1711-12*.

*Dixerit e multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? & rabida tradis ovile lupa?*

Ovid. de Art. Am. iii. 7.

But some exclaim, What frenzy rules your mind?
Would you increase the craft of womankind?
Teach them new wiles and arts? As well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.

CONGREVE.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has designed a woman to be ζων φιλοκοσμον, an animal that delights in finery. I have already treated of the sex in two or three Papers, conformably to this definition, and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas, when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode.

It is observed among birds, that Nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress: whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As Nature, on the contrary, has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garni-
tures

tures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a British lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of moulting season, with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambrick, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodos. Our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, that if you light your fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself.

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of the box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that ever I saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little party-coloured assembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of Indian Queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face, that I found them all to be English. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from observing any further the colour of their hoods, though I could easily perceive, by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

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I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, in so much that the whig and tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to shew their principles in their head-dress. Nay, if I may believe my friend Will Honeycomb, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's Virgil, not questioning, but that among such a variety of colours she shall have a charm for every heart.

My friend Will, who very much values himself upon his great insights into gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the humour a lady is in, by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the disposition of their present Emperor by the colour of the dress which he puts on. When Melefinda wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is set upon execution. When she covers it with purple, I would not, says he, advise her lover to approach her; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with safety.

Will informs me likewise, that these hoods may be used as signals. Why else, says he, does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?

Such are my friend Honeycomb's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity in colours in the hoods to the diversity of complexion of the faces of my pretty countrywomen. Ovid in his Art of Love has given some precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red striped silk to the pale complexion; white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary, my friend Will, who pretends to be a greater master in this art than Ovid, tells me, that the palest features look the most agreeable in white sarsenet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet, and that the darkest complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In short, he is for losing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the sun.

This, says he, your Ovid himself has hinted, where he treats of these matters, when he tells us that the blue-water nymphs are dressed in sky-coloured garments; and that Aurora, who always appears in the light of the rising sun, is robed in saffron.

Whether these his observations are justly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the ladies, praise or dispraise the complexion of a face which he never saw, from observing the colour of her hood, and he has been very seldom out in these his guesses.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair sex, I cannot conclude this Paper without an exhortation to the British ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good sense as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their minds as they are to adorn their bodies. In the mean while, I shall recommend to their most serious consideration the saying of an old Greek poet,

Τὴν αἰὶνὴν κοσμοῦ οὐ τροπῶν, ἀλλ' ἐν' ἡρώεσσιν.

Saturday, January 5, 1712*.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.

Propert. El. 34. lib. 2. ver. 65.

Give place, ye Roman, and ye Grecian wits.

THERE is nothing in nature so irksome as general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall wave the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether MILTON'S PARADISE LOST may be called an heroic poem? Those who will not give it that title, may call it (if they please) a Divine Poem. It will

* No. 267.

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be sufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who alledge it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they should say Adam is not *Aeneas*, or Eve *Helen*.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*, in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This action should have three qualifications in it. First, It should be but one action. Secondly, It should be an entire action. Thirdly, It should be a great action. To consider the action of the *Iliad*, *Aeneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, in these three several lights. Homer, to preserve the unity of his action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed. Had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of *Helen*, or the investing of *Troy*, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions. He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had passed before that fatal dissension. After the same manner *Aeneas* makes his first appearance in the *Tyrrhene seas*, and within sight of *Italy*, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Latium*. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the *Aeneid*. The contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though, for preserving of this unity of action, they follow it in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, which preceded

teded in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, (which would have entirely destroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though, at the same time, that great critic and philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* also labours in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem which we have now under our consideration, hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity; *uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.*

I must observe also, that as Virgil, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth, Milton, with the like art in his poem on the Fall of Man, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in the Spanish Frier, or The Double Discovery, where the two different plots look like counter-parts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem, is, that it should be an entire action. An action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle

a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As, on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance and effects; and Æneas's settlement in Italy, carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it both by sea and land. The action in Milton excels (I think) both the former in this particular: we see it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its Greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's settlement in Italy produced the Cæsars, and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have compleated, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this admirable poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say, that the book of games in the Æneid, or that in the Iliad, are not of this nature, or to reprehend Virgil's simile of the top, and many other of the same kind in the Iliad, as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances,

ces, that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan system.

But Aristotle, by the greatness of the action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration, or in other words, that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatness. The just measure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following similitude:—An animal, no bigger than a mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; if on the contrary you should suppose an animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be filled with a single part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long action would be to the memory. The first should be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have shewn their principle art in this particular; the action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of episodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story, sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the contents of his books, as in the best invented story I ever met with. It is possible, that the traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more circumstances in them, than the history of the Fall of Man, as it is related in scripture. Besides, it was easier for Homer and Virgil to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in every thing that he added out of his

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his own invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the restraint he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, the space of time which is taken up by the action of each of these poems; but as a great part of Milton's story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

This piece of criticism on Milton's *Paradise Lost* shall be carried on in the following Saturday's Papers.

Saturday, January 12, 1711-12*.

Notandi sunt tibi mores.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 156.

Note well the manners.

HAVING examined the action of *Paradise Lost*, let us in the next place consider the actors. This is Aristotle's method of considering, first the fable, and secondly the manners; or, as we generally call them in English, the fable and the character.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his characters. Every god that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity. His princes are as much distinguished by their manners, as

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by their dominions; and even those among them, whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the *Iliad*, which the reader may not ascribe to the person who speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty of his characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a person who had lived thrice the age of man, and conversed with Theseus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the first race of heroes. His principal actor is the son of a goddess, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewise a place in this poem, and the venerable Trojan prince, who was the father of so many kings and heroes. There is in these several characters of Homer, a certain dignity, as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though, at the same time, to give them a greater variety, he has described a Vulcan, that is a buffoon among his gods, and a Thersites among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. Aeneas is indeed a perfect character, but as for Achates, though he is styled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deserve that title. Gyas, Mnestheus, Sergestus and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the same stamp and character.

Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

There are indeed several natural incidents in the Part of Aeneas: and that of Dido cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in Turnus. Pallas and Evander are remote copies of Hector and Priam, as Lausus and Mezentius are almost parallels to Pallas and Evander. The characters of Nisus and Euryalus are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the parts of Sinon, Camilla,

milla, and some few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In short, there is neither that variety or novelty in the persons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the characters of Milton, we shall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole *species* of mankind was in two persons at the time to which the subject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct characters in these two persons. We see man and woman in the highest innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last characters are, indeed, very common and obvious; but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters either in Virgil or Homer, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was so sensible of this defect in the subject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a shadowy and fictitious nature, in the persons of Sin and Death, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithstanding the fineness of this allegory may atone for it in some measure, I cannot think that persons of such a chimerical existence are proper actors in an epic poem; because there is not that measure of probability annexed to them, which is requisite in writings of this kind, as I shall shew more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an actress in the *Æneid*, but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the *Dispensary*, and the *Lutrin*, several allegorical persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in those compositions, and may perhaps be used as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion such characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part, I should be glad the reader would think so, for the sake of the poem I am now examining, and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial be-

ings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssæy* is very much admired by Aristotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the subtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and discoveries of his person in several parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned makes a much longer voyage than Ulysses, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes and appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprize of the reader.

We may likewise observe with how much art the poet has varied several characters of the persons that speak in this infernal assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting itself towards man in its full benevolence under the three-fold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the person of Raphael, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for man, shews such a dignity and condescension in all his speech and behaviour, as are suitable to a superior nature. The angels are indeed as much diversified in Milton, and distinguished by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing ascribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective characters.

There is another circumstance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a peculiar beauty to those two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the authors having chosen, for their heroes, persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and *Æneas* the remote founder of Rome. By
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this means their countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, and sympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes, and victories of Æneás, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or disappointments that befel him; as a Greek must have had the same regard for Achilles. And it is plain, that each of those poems have lost this great advantage, among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers, or indifferent persons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our representatives. We have an actual interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable observation out of Aristotle, which hath been very much misrepresented in the quotations of some modern critics: 'If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises our pity, but not our terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering person.' But, as that great philosopher adds, 'If we see a man of virtue mixt with infirmities fall into any misfortune, it does not only raise our pity but our terror; because we are afraid that the like misfortunes may happen to ourselves, who resemble the character of the suffering person.'

I shall take another opportunity to observe, that a person of an absolute and consummate virtue should never be introduced in tragedy; and shall only remark in this place, that the foregoing observation of Aristotle, though it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this; because, in the present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and

and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time; since it is plain his rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the *Aeneid*, which was made some hundred years after his death.

In my next, I shall go through other parts of Milton's poem; and hope, that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon Milton, but upon Aristotle.

Saturday, January 19, 1711-12*.

Reddere persona scit convenientia cuique.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 316.

He knows what best befits each character.

WE have already taken a general survey of the fable and characters in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The parts which remain to be considered, according to Aristotle's method, are the Sentiments and the Language. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my reader, that it is my design, as soon as I have finished my general reflections on these four several heads, to give particular instances out of the poem which is now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the

* No. 279.

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reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of criticism, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole extent of it.

The sentiments in an Epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author ascribes to the persons whom he introduces, and are just when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The sentiments have likewise a relation to things as well as persons, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the subject. If, in either of these cases, the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for these ends. Homer is censured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssæy*; though, at the same time, those who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Besides, if there are blemishes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanness of some of his sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. Milton shines likewise very much in this particular: nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced persons whose characters are commonly known among men, and such as are to be met with either in history or in ordinary conversation. Milton's characters, most of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It shews a greater genius in Shakespeare to have drawn his Caliban than his Hotspur or Julius Cæsar; the one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history, and observation. It was much easier therefore
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for Homer to find proper sentiments for an assembly of Grecian generals, than for Milton to diversify his infernal council with proper characters, and inspire them with a variety of sentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has passed between other persons. Adam and Eve, before the fall, are a different species from that of mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a poet of the most unbounded invention, and the most exquisite judgment, could have filled their conversation and behaviour with so many apt circumstances during their state of innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an Epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are *natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *sublime*. Virgil in this particular falls short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same time he has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad. He every where charms and pleases us, by the force of his own genius, but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books. The seventh, which describes the creation of the world, is likewise wonderfully sublime, though not so apt to stir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor consequently so perfect in the epic way of writing, because it is filled with less action. Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has observed on several passages in Homer, and he will find parallels for most of them in the Paradise Lost.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of sentiments, the natural and the sublime,

line, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil. He has none of those trifling points and puerilities that are so often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of those mixed embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is just and natural. His sentiments shew that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it.

Mr Dryden has in some places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented Virgil's way of thinking as to this particular, in the translation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into the faults above mentioned, which were indeed the false refinements of later ages. Milton, it must be confessed, has sometimes erred in this respect, as I shall show more at large in another Paper; though, considering how all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious taste which still prevails so much among modern writers.

But since several thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an epic poet should not only avoid such sentiments as are unnatural or affected; but also such as are mean and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of raillery to men of more delicacy than greatness of genius, by the homeliness of some of his sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the simplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus, among the ancients, and Monsieur Perrault, among the moderns, pushed their ri-

dicule very far upon him, on account of some such sentiments. There is no blemish to be observed in Virgil under this head, and but a very few in Milton.

I shall give but one instance of this impropriety of thought in Homer, and at the same time compare it with an instance of the same nature, both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments which raise laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whose business it is to excite passions of a much nobler nature. Homer, however, in his characters of Vulcan and Thersites, in his story of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Irus, and in other passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the burlesque character, and to have departed from that serious air which seems essential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which rises in the fifth book, upon Monætes, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well timed that the severest critic can have nothing to say against it; for it is in the book of games and diversions, where the reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment. The only piece of pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the evil spirits are described as rallying the angels upon the success of their new-invented artillery. This passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing else but a string of puns, and those too very indifferent ones.

“Satan beheld their plight,
 “And to his mates thus in derision call'd:—
 “O friends! why come not on those victors proud?
 “Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
 “To entertain them fair with *open front*,
 “And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
 “Of *composition*, straight they chang'd their minds,
 “Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell
 “As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd
 “Somewhat

- " Somewhat extravagant, and wild ; perhaps
 " For joy of offered peace ; but I suppose
 " If our proposals once again were heard,
 " We should compel them to a quick result.
 " To whom thus Belial, in like gamefome mood :—
 " Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 " Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home ;
 " Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 " And stumbled many ; who receives them right
 " Had need from head to foot well understand ;
 " Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 " They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
 " So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 " Stood scoffing—

MILT. Par. L. b. vi. l. 609, &c.

Saturday, January 26, 1711-12*.

*Ne, quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper & astro,
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas :
 Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 227.

But then they did not wrong themselves so much,
 To make a God, a Hero, or a King,
 (Stript of his golden crown, or purple robe)
 Descend to a mechanic dialect ;
 Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high,
 With empty sound, and airy notions, fly.

ROSCOMMON.

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters, and sentiments in the Paradise Lost, we are in the last place to consider the language ; and as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuse me if I

* No. 285.

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appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to those who judge the most advantageously of the author.

It is requisite that the language of an heroic poem should be both perspicuous and sublime. In proportion as either of these two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary qualification; insomuch that a good-natured reader sometimes overlooks a little slip even in the grammar or syntax, where it is impossible for him to mistake the poet's sense. Of this kind is that passage in Milton, wherein he speaks of Satan:

“ —God and his Son except,
“ Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd.”

And that in which he describes Adam and Eve:—

“ Adam the goodliest man of men since born
“ His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.”

It is plain, that in the former of these passages, according to the natural syntax, the divine persons mentioned in the first line are represented as created beings; and that, in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their sons and daughters. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great and natural, we should, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work. The ancient critics therefore, who were acted by a spirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of speech, on purpose to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of those authors who had so many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearness and perspicuity were only to be consulted, the poet would have nothing else to do but to clothe his thoughts in the most plain and natural expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious phrases, and those which are used in ordinary conversation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of
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meaness by passing through the mouths of the vulgar; a poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatic ways of speaking. Ovid and Lucan have many poornesses of expression upon this account, as taking up with the first phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the trouble of looking after such as would not only have been natural, but also elevated and sublime. Milton has but few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with some instances, as in the following passages;

- “ Embrioes and idiots, eremites and friars,
 “ White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,
 “ Here pilgrims roam——
 “ —— A while discourse they hold,
 “ No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
 “ Our author——
 “ Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 “ The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 “ My head; ill fare our ancestor impure,
 “ For this we may thank Adam.——”

The great masters in composition know very well that many an elegant phrase becomes improper for a poet or an orator, when it has been debased by common use. For this reason the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over those which are written in languages that are now spoken. Were there any mean phrases or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not shock the ear of the most delicate modern reader, so much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, because we never hear them pronounced in our streets, or in ordinary conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient, that the language of an epic poem be perspicuous, unless it be also sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phrases of speech. The judgment of a poet very much discovers itself in shunning the common roads of expression, without falling into such ways of speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not
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swell into a false sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks, *Æschylus*, and sometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, *Claudian* and *Statius*; and among our own countrymen, *Shakespeare* and *Lee*. In these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of the style, as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the idiomatic style may be avoided, and the sublime formed by the following methods:—First, by the use of metaphors; such are those of *Milton*:

“Imparadis’d in one another’s arms,
 “———And in his hand a reed
 “Stood waving tipt with fire.——
 “The grassy clouds now calv’d,——
 “Spangled with eyes——

In these, and innumerable other instances, the metaphors are very bold, but just; I must however observe, that the metaphors are not so thick sown in *Milton*, which always favours too much of wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as *Aristotle* observes, turns a sentence into a kind of an enigma or riddle; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raising the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make use of the idioms of other tongues. *Virgil* is full of the Greek forms of speech, which the critics call *Hellenisms*, as *Horace* in his odes, abounds with them much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the several dialects which *Homer* has made use of for this end. *Milton*, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with *Aristotle*’s rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms*, as well as *Græcisms*, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the language of his poem; as towards the beginning of it:—

“Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 “In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel.

“Yet

" Yet to their gen'ral's voice they soon obey'd——

" ——Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet

" The dark unbottom'd infinite abyfs,

" And through the palpable obscure find out

" His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight

" Upborn with undefatigable wings

" Over the vast abrupt!

" ——So both ascend

" In the visions of God——

Book 2.

' Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the substantive, the transposition of words, the turning the adjective into a substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech which this poet has naturalized to give his verse the greater sound, and throw it out of prose.

The third method mentioned by Aristotle is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more used by Homer than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phrase by the addition of words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words by the insertion or omission of certain syllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raising his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the passage above mentioned, *Eremit*, for what is *hermit*, in common discourse. If you observe the measure of his verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a syllable in several words, and shortened those of two syllables into one; by which method, besides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of persons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Heslodon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better deviate from the language of the vulgar.

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The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in Milton several words of his own coining, as *cerberean*, *miscreanted*, *bell-doom'd*, *embryon* atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our English poet, I would recommend him to a discourse in Plutarch, which shews us how frequently Homer has made use of the same liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue could afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his stile equal to that of his sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these observations on Milton's stile, because it is in that part of him in which he appears the most singular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my observations out of Aristotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which some have taken to his poem upon this account; though, after all, I must confess that I think his stile, though admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of those methods, which Aristotle has prescribed for the raising of it.

This redundancy of those several ways of speech, which Aristotle calls "foreign language," and with which Milton has so very much enriched, and in some places darkened the language of his poem, was the more proper for his use, because his poem is written in blank verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the language off from prose, and very often makes an indifferent phrase pass unregarded; but where the verse is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of sound and energy of expression are indispensably necessary to support the stile, and keep it from falling into the flatness of prose.

Those who have not a taste for this elevation of stile; and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the
common

common forms of expression, would do well to see how Aristotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid for his insipid mirth upon this occasion. Mr Dryden used to call these sort of men his prose-critics.

I should, under this head of the language, consider Milton's numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions, which are not customary among other English poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter Y, when it precedes a vowel. This, and some other innovations in the measure of his verse, has varied his numbers in such a manner, as makes them incapable of satiating the ear, and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I shall close these reflections upon the language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that Milton has copied after Homer rather than Virgil, in the length of his periods, the copiousness of his phrases, and the running of his verses into one another.

Saturday, February 2, 1711-12*.

—*Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura*—

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 351.

But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE now considered MILTON'S *PARADISE LOST* under those four great heads of the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language; and have shewn that he excels, in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries

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which

which may appear new, even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to choose my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but also with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism, as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little hints that had passed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not these previous lights is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a man, who sets up for a judge in criticism, should have perused the authors above mentioned, unless he has also a clear and logical head. Without this talent, he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. Aristotle, who was the best critic, was also one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr Locke's Essay on human understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the same time it is very certain that an author, who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a Greek or Latin critic, who has not shewn,

shewn, even in the stile of his criticisms, that he was a master of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd, than for a man to set up for a critic, without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature, among our English writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover by the phrase which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark, by which you may discover a critic who has neither taste nor learning, is this; that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr Dryden has very agreeably remarked in these two celebrated lines;

“Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;

“He who would search for pearls, must dive below.”

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words and finest strokes of an author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these, which a sour undistinguishing critic ge-

nerally attacks with the greatest violence. Tully observes, that it is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into English; "a glowing bold expression," and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and though such a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of those whose hand it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itself.

Such a mirth as this is always unseasonable in a critic, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemish, the subject of derision. A man who cannot write with wit on a proper subject is dull and stupid; but one who shews it in an improper place is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often censures a passage, not because there is any fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in works of criticism, in which the greatest masters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive air.

As I intend in my next Paper to shew the defects in "Milton's Paradise Lost," I thought fit to premise these few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the imperfections without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I must also observe with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are scrupulously exact, and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude my Paper with a story out of Boccacini, which sufficiently shews us the opinion that judicious

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cious author entertained of the sort of critics I have been here mentioning. A famous critic, says he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and, after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains.

Saturday, February 19, 1711-12*.

velut si
Egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore nivos.

-Hor. 1 Sat. vi. 66.

As perfect beauties somewhere have a mole.

CREECH.

AFTER what I have said in my last Saturday's Paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without further preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language of "Milton's Paradise Lost;" not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Aristotle's division, either Simple or Implex. It is called simple when there is no change of fortune in it; implex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is

* No. 297.

thought

thought the most perfect; I suppose because it is more proper to stir up the passions of the reader, and to surprise him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds; in the first the chief actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, until he arrives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the story of Ulysses and Æneas. In the second, the chief actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace. Thus we see Adam and Eve sinking from a state of innocence and happiness, into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

The most taking tragedies among the ancients were built on this last sort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of OEdipus, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe Aristotle, the most proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken some pains in a former Paper to shew, that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an heroic poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the third book; and likewise by the vision wherein Adam, at the close of the poem, sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier Paradise than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against Milton's fables, which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light, namely,—That the hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means

means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr Dryden's reflection, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first Paper. The "Paradise Lost" is an epic or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it, searches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any person in it, it is certainly the Messiah who is the hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real action for a fable greater than that of the Iliad or Æneid, and therefore an heathen could not form an higher notion of a poem than one of that kind which they call an Heroic. Whether Milton's is not of a sublimer nature I will not presume to determine: it is sufficient that I shew there is in the "Paradise Lost" all the greatness of plan, regularity of design, and masterly beauties which we discover in Homer and Virgil.

I must in the next place observe, that Milton has interwoven in the texture of his fable, some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death, and the picture which he draws of the "Limbo of Vanity," with other passages in the second book. Such allegories rather favour of the spirit of Spenser and Ariosto, than of Homer and Virgil.

In the structure of his poem he has likewise admitted too many digressions. It is finely observed by Aristotle, that the author of an heroic poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. Aristotle has given no reason for his precept: but I presume it is because the mind of the reader is more awed and elevated when he hears Æneas or Achilles speak, than when Virgil or Homer talk in their own persons. Besides, that assuming the character of an eminent man, is apt to fire the imagination, and raise the ideas of the author. Tully tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which Cato is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably

agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was Cato and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the Iliad and the *Æneid* is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little, in either of these poems, proceeds from the authors. Milton has, in the general disposition of his fable, very finely observed this great rule; inasmuch, that there is scarce a tenth part of it which comes from the poet; the rest is spoken either by Adam or Eve, or by some good or evil spirit, who is engaged either in their destruction or defence,

From what has been here observed, it appears that digressions are by no means to be allowed of, in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflection of his own. I have often observed, with a secret admiration, that the longest reflection in the *Æneid*, is in that passage in the tenth book, where Turnus is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of Pallas, whom he had slain. Virgil here lets his fable stand still, for the sake of the following remark: "How
" is the mind of man ignorant of futurity, and unable
" to bear prosperous fortune with moderation! The
" time will come when Turnus shall wish that he had
" left the body of Pallas untouched, and curse the day
" on which he dressed himself in these spoils." As the great event of the *Æneid*, and the death of Turnus, whom *Æneas* slew because he saw him adorned with the spoils of Pallas, turns upon this incident, Virgil went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which so small a circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his reader's memory. Lucan, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as Scaliger calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his

his evil fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer, not only by its real weight, but by the apprehension of it. Milton's complaint for his blindness, his panegyric on marriage, his reflections on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the angel's eating, and several other passages in his poem, are liable to the same exception, though I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very digressions, that I would not wish them out of his poem.

I have, in a former Paper, spoken of the "characters" of Milton's "*Paradise Lost*," and declared my opinion, as to the allegorical persons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the "sentiments," I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads; first, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into puns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the first book, where, speaking of the pygmies, he calls them,

" ————The small *Infantry*
" Warr'd on by cranes———"

Another blemish that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these allusions, where the poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my Paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind; the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the poem.

A third fault in his sentiments, is an unnecessary ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were masters of all the learning of their times, but it shows itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on free-will and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases

he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and sciences.

If, in the last place, we consider the "language" of this great poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former Paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the style of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum, nihil lenè*, is what many critics make to Milton. As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another Paper; to which I may further add, that Milton's sentiments and ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following passage, and many others:

" And brought into the world a world of woe.

" ——— Begirt th' Almighty throne

" Beseeching or besieging——

" This tempted our attempt——

" At one flight bound high overleapt all bound.

I know there are figures of this kind of speech, that some of the greatest ancients have been guilty of it, and that Aristotle himself has given it a place in his rhetoric among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is I think at present universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

The last fault which I shall take notice of in Milton's style, is the frequent use of what the learned call "technical words," or terms of art. It is one of the greatest beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse of itself in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary readers;
besides

besides that the knowledge of a poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from books and systems. I have often wondered how Mr Dryden could translate a passage out of Virgil after the following manner :

“ Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea,
“ Veer starboard sea and land.—————

Milton makes use of *larboard* in the same manner. When he is upon building, he mentions *Dorick Pillars, Pilasters, Cornice, Freeze, Architrave*. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with “ *Ecliptick and Eccentrick, the trepidation, stars dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator:*” to which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other arts and sciences.

I shall in my next Papers give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticism.

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END OF VOLUME SECOND.

1. The first of these is the fact that the Government has been unable to secure the necessary funds to carry out its policy of non-interference. This is due to the fact that the Government has been unable to secure the necessary funds to carry out its policy of non-interference.

I find in my next paper the statement of the
 very particular business in which I would have
 been too long to state under general heads
 I have already stated of, and which I trust to
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